A SEARCH FOR AN INFIDEL

BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL
(SECOND SERIES)

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

A SEARCH FOR AN INFIDEL

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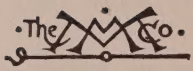
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A SEARCH FOR AN INFIDEL

BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL

SECOND SERIES

BY

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

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To

W. C. G.

A NON-RESIDENT CITIZEN OF TOWER HILL
AND A
NON-ATTENDANT COMPANION WHERE BEAUTY
WAITS OR DUTY PRESSES

Where did yesterday's sunset go,
When it faded down the hills so slow,
And the gold grew dim, and the purple light
Like an army with banners passed from sight?
Will its flush go into the golden-rod,
Its thrill to the purple aster's nod,
Its crimson fleck the maple-bough,
And the Autumn-glory begin from now?

Deeper than flower-fields sank the glow
Of the silent pageant passing slow.

It flushed all night in many a dream,
It thrilled in the folding hush of prayer,
It glided into a poet's song,
It is setting still in a picture rare;
It changed by the miracle none can see
To the shifting lights of a symphony;
And in resurrections of faith and hope
The glory died on the shining slope.

For it left its light on the hills and seas
That rim a thousand memories.

—William Channing Gannett.

THESE discourses range through nearly a quarter of a century, for they belong to a class of which a busy minister's life generally yields but one a year. There has been no attempt to disguise the sermon. Revise as I may, these discourses remain essentially as first given to my people. In the heat of the primal inspiration and first purpose to reach and help a listening audience, the creative maximum was probably attained. As in the preceding volume, the resting activities here interpreted have, for the most part, centered around Westhope Cottage, but the book will sometimes carry the reader far afield from Tower Hill, hinting thereby, may I hope, that there is a gospel lurking in whatever wayside or waterside is visited by the open mind and receptive heart, and that, wherever life is, truth and beauty find a center.

The same acknowledgments as in the First Series are here due and cheerfully rendered to Miss Evelyn H. Walker of the Publication Committee of All Souls Church, Chicago, without whose time-taking help this book could not have been, and to the following Publishers for copyright privileges cordially granted: Messrs.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for Emerson's "Rhodora," and Miss Edith M. Thomas's "Patmos"; Little, Brown & Co., Boston, for the privilege of using W. C. Gannett's "Where did Yesterday's Sunset go?" from "The Thought of God"; and Small, Maynard & Co. for the Whitman extracts.

This volume will show that "Jess" fitted into but did not create the author's vacation habit. May it not prove wholly unworthy to be carried in her saddle-bags as she continues her journeyings through the world of men, carrying the preaching if not the preacher.

J. Ll. J.

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A SEARCH FOR AN INFIDEL

UNBELIEF

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart! Light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"
"The Future," trusts that Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief.
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny;
God knoweth why.

— Lizzie York Case.

A SEARCH FOR AN INFIDEL

I will shew thee my faith by my works. — James ii. 18.

In the earlier days of my ministry I was in the way of hearing much about a famous infidel who lived in an out-of-the-way corner of Wisconsin, one of those early pioneers who had endured the privations of territorial life and achieved for himself a comfortable home and a place in the confidence of the community notwithstanding his grim reputation for infidelity. Perhaps on account of his independency there was the charm of individuality, the power of a striking personality. Certainly this, too, had its influence, for he had drawn about him a free-thinking element, coloring the community so strongly that at least once a year it rose into a propaganda. On every Fourth of July these elements gathered around their leader in a great "infidel picnic" for the purpose of commemorating the life of Thomas Paine, studying his words, and rejoicing in the freedom which, to them at least, he represented,

and the liberty which he certainly did help make organic in the United States of America. These picnics became famous throughout that part of the state. The ablest speakers available were always employed, and those who shrank from the negations were drawn thither by the cordial hospitality, the generous enthusiasm, the dignified sobriety and self-control, and, above all, by the splendid affirmations of the gathering. At least such were the reports that came to me from the lips of old neighbors and from the bits of printed matter that reached my desk. I was told that the preachers who came to argue with him were wont to stay and enjoy his hospitality, and that, though they prayed for him, they respected him; while the wise ones had learned to avoid him in debate and let him alone in what they deemed his "wrong-headedness."

I began to feel a growing curiosity to see this man. I wanted to look into the eyes, take the hand, and hear the voice of a real "infidel." I wanted to test the character-making power of the doctrine of him who wrote "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason," when accepted as gospel and believed with the whole heart.

In consequence of this wish, I directed one of

my missionary itineraries toward that part of the state, and started out on a journey of a hundred and fifty miles, thirty or more of them overland, by one of those rickety old stages that have long since been knocked to pieces for fuel and sold for old iron. It was more than a quarter of a century ago, but well do I remember the hesitation, ay, the inward quaking, that seized me the day I travelled over the beautiful rolling prairies of Grant County. I was then young in missionary work. My inexperienced heart dreaded to meet him whom my head was anxious to study, whose character drew me as a magnet. All that long, beautiful day, through a strange country, I cudgelled my brain, trying to conjure up an argument, discover an appeal, or develop a principle that would reach the "infidel" farmers before whom I was advertised to speak in the evening. The famous infidel was to be my deacon in the little hall at the cross-roads, for this community even then had equipped itself with a public hall, in those days and that country an exceptional sign of intelligent public spirit. To add to my consternation, I began early in the afternoon to encounter handbills tacked up on school-house doors and guide-boards, heralding

my coming and inviting the community to come and hear.

All this internal anxiety and mental fever were haloed by an Indian summer glory. The prairies were punctuated by groves in their autumnal radiance, and bracketed by graceful hills ever and anon accentuated into ruggedness.

When the stage arrived at the little village there was a curious group of pert children, shy women, and apparently stolid men gathered on the platform of the single tavern to see what kind of a man Father W——'s preacher was. The air was chilly, but the setting sun promised a serene evening and a beautiful night. A messenger led me to the homelike farm-house in which my "infidel" dwelt.

"There is Father W——," said my guide, pointing across the garden to the farm-yard in the rear of the house.

I see the "infidel" now in my mind's eye as I saw him then, — tall, erect, venerable, for he was nearing eighty, and his long white hair and beard gave him a prophet-like appearance. Sheep, cattle, and horses pressed him with that fearless familiarity that bespeaks kind attendance. He stood among them as among friends; the white arms,

— for he was in his shirt-sleeves, — raised as a menace, were interpreted as caresses by the creatures who knew him too well to fear him.

"Ah, the stage is earlier than usual to-night. I was coming over to see you as soon as these cattle would spare me," he said, with a smile. And as he approached I felt his penetrating blue eye piercing through me. I think we were both rendered awkward by our curiosity. Evidently he did not feel quite at ease in the presence of a preacher not bent on polemics, and to whom he occupied the exceptional relation of patron for the nonce; but when he found out how much worse scared I was than he was, the magnanimity of a host made tender his voice, and, in a fatherly way, he said, "Come in, come into the house. I think you and I can talk without quarrelling."

Those were precious hours and all too few that I spent in the presence of that independent soul, — hours in which he revealed to me his life-long loneliness, which had sprung, as I could clearly see, from his deep humanitarian interests, from his rich and fertile mind, and his profound love of liberty. This love of liberty had evidently, perhaps unavoidably, hardened in many spots into a stalwart defiance to conventionalism,

a rebellious contempt for pretence and sham, and a severe intolerance of the intolerant. As he prized his mental liberty, he had learned to hate creedal fetters. As he loved freedom, he distrusted sectarianism and partisanship.

Of the evening at the hall I can only remember a curious company that filled the seats, brought hither by all the various stages of curiosity. Some came to criticise and some to appreciate, but all came to listen. And of the discourse I can only remember that it was a poor enough affair. Subject and argument are alike forgotten. I only recall a keen sense that I had not been able to bring a message worthy the benign patriarch who was the center of that audience, whose presence I could not forget and would not ignore. What could my words mean to a man who had lived longer, deeper, and, in many directions, broader than I had?

But what I may have failed to give, I found. My sermon came to me when I saw how the men and women of that community revered their grand old man, how the boys and girls loved him and snuggled up to him for a word, or, perchance, a caress. I noted how he knew by name each of the turbulent raft of boys that

come and go at such meetings, and how in his presence their rudeness fell off and gave place to deference. It was like reading a chapter out of the gospel of St. John ; it was a revelation of the power of a life in which light and sweetness had become common tenants. Sore with a dissatisfaction over my boyish effort, his first words fell as a benediction which soothed, while they sanctified the experiences of the evening. Said he, "If somebody had told me when I was a boy that a preacher might talk like that, I think I should have been a preacher myself."

"I can tell you one thing, sir," broke in a hard-handed farmer in his linsey-woolsey "wamus," "if he had been a preacher, he would have been a good one, I tell you." And the neighbors closed around the venerable "infidel" and the verdant preacher. Evidently the meeting was not out for these neighbors until they could hear what Father W—— had to say. It was his meeting, and the visiting preacher was but an incident in it, an excuse for it.

"When I was a boy," continued the old man, "they read one out of the church because he thought it more important to prove that the black man had a soul than to sing hallelujah tunes

because a few were not going to be burned forever with the great crowd."

Early the next morning I left on the returning stage, and the "infidel," with the wholesome breath of kine upon his garments, his colts prancing around him on the lawn, his cows pressing the barnyard gate toward him, and his loving dogs clustering about his feet, gave me his hand through the stage door, and said: "I am glad you have been here. Keep on with your work. Preach love and not doctrine, liberty and not formalism, and there will be fewer infidels in the world. I am an old man. I cannot change my life. I would not if I could, but you can say for me that there is a kind of religion coming, — I see it, — that old man W—— would have believed in. Help bring it along."

The stage door closed, and we plodded on. The prairies were punctuated by the same radiant groves and bracketed by the same graceful hills. The same Indian summer haze softened the horizon line, and the same sun crowned it all. And still none of these were the same to the traveller in the stage. There had come a new factor into the landscape, a new accent into nature. There was a fresh investment of human nature,

a soul quality added. The pathos of the human heart, the sublimity of the human mind, the perplexity of the human conscience, all these were injected into the landscape; and I was conscious that they had come from the old man who in his shirt-sleeves stood as a prophet among his cows and his sheep.

Father W—— was gathered to his rest many, many years ago. I have never been at Patch Grove since, but some dozen years after this visit I took part in the dedication of a soldiers' monument in the county-seat of the county which Father W—— helped to organize; and when the story of the county's part in the great struggle for the freedom of the slave was told in detail, I noticed with peculiar emotion that the town of Patch Grove had achieved a heroic record and written itself deeply into that story, and I fancied that those Fourth of July picnics had had something to do with all this. Between the lines of that record I read some of the ringing sentences of Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man," and I fancied that the searching principles which dictated "The Age of Reason" had had something to do with enkindling that love of freedom in the hearts of the young men who from '61 to '65 so willingly

marched away to die for the equal rights of man. And as men and women read with tear-dimmed eyes the granite-engraved names of those brave boys who had "died to make men free," I could see the manly form of the aged infidel standing in his dignity in the midst of the citizen soldiery, his white shirt-sleeves dimmed by his whiter hair, giving his benediction, saying to them as they went what he said to me as I departed on my campaignings, — "There is a religion that old man W—— can believe in. Go fight for it, and if need be die for it, and thus help it along." Since that day I have met men and women who as children had rejoiced in the "Tom Paine picnics" in Father W——'s grove. Men and women were raised in that stalwart school of protest, and I have found these men stalwart citizens, independent voters, eager students of the problems of society; and I have seen women who in their maturity carry the face and name of Father W—— as a benediction in their hearts, women who have become messengers of mercy in crowded cities, connecting links between poverty and plenty, messengers of love across the cruel lines of social distinctions.

Thus it was that I went in search of an "infidel"

and returned without finding him. The very colts in the pasture and the heifers in the barnyard denied the charge. However others on that noble prairie might have "showed their faith" without works, Father W—— "showed his faith by his works," and "though dead he yet speaketh." Like many another missionary, I found more grace than I could give, and brought back more than I left behind. I have been on many a missionary trip since then, but never one that has left a more distinct, sacred, and helpful memory than that of the infidel group of Patch Grove. I had exploited Peter's lesson long before this; I had supposed I understood much of his experience in the centurion's house; but with a new surprise I exclaimed with the impetuous apostle, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him."

This experience in my early ministry has increased my interest in "infidels" all my life long. I have been in search of them ever since. I have looked for them in all the advertised places, and oftentimes I have found great prophets in the alleged infidels of the world. The famous deniers,

whose message has sounded to the flippant ear of the world as "nay, nay," to the profounder ear of history have sometimes carried the accents of "yea, yea." For often in the study of such I have found evidences of an inspiring loyalty to their convictions, a splendid consecration to what they deemed true, a holy quest for the truth when it still evaded them, and a divine thirst for progress. Perhaps my visit to Patch Grove hastened my study of the arch "infidel," the dreaded "Tom Paine" himself, and I confess that such a study has ever since compelled me to say "Thomas Paine," for of this "infidel" I have been tutored in such high phrases as this: "Religion is man bringing to his Maker the fruits of his heart;" still more have I been impressed by his effective life, wherein he "showed his faith by his works"; and when I learned that General Washington ordered his leaflet, entitled "The Crisis," to be officially read at the head of every regiment, and that the watchword at the great battle of Trenton was the words of Thomas Paine, — "These are the times that try men's souls," — taken from another of his liberty bulletins, here again I lost the infidel and found the believer. When I find Thomas Paine saying, "I believe in one God and

no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life; I believe in the equality of men and that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy," I come upon the sentences of a believer, I discover a soul at the confessional.

I have searched far back among the still more famous infidels of the world, and have again been often happily disappointed. Joseph Priestley was driven to the wilds of America because of his infidelity, but to-day his bronze statue decorates the Birmingham street wherein he once was mobbed. Emerson and Theodore Parker were once avoided for their infidelity, but now great pains is taken to expunge the record, to forget the charge, because of their great faith. Servetus was burned for his infidelity. Perhaps John Calvin, the believer, had something to do with kindling the fires, but these fires warmed the lives of thousands, because they showed forth faithfulness. Socrates was compelled to drink the hemlock because he "spoke disrespectfully of the gods"; but Socrates, and not the incriminating judge and jury, has been the joy of Athens, and in the condemned infidel shines the light of the ages. Jesus bore the cross and died on Calvary because "He

made himself equal with God." But now the thoughtful as well as the devout, the student as well as the penitent, exclaims, "Greater faith have I not found, no, not in all Israel."

As with men, so with institutions. I often go in search of "infidel" organizations, and I am oftentimes disappointed. They are not where they are advertised. Christianity began as a circle of unbelievers, so said the parent church. Protestantism was anathematized as infidelity by the holy mother of all the churches, and Protestantism in turn had its heresy cry for Methodism, Quakerism, Presbyterianism, Unitarianism, and Universalism. Each in turn wore the brand of infidelity, and each in its way has most effectually disproved the charge by showing "faith by works." Each has been found ministering to the needy, strengthening the weak, and giving companionship to the lonely and the lowly; and never until each in its turn and in its own way, forgetting its own tutoring, turned around and joined the doleful procession of heresy hunters, was there, in truth and in deed, an infidelity manifested. Then did works fail, charity languish, and love, ever the heavenly attendant of faith, take its flight. When they joined in the miserable chants of persecution

and delighted in the doleful work of exclusion, then were they found in the land of the unbeliever; they were dwelling in the habitation of the unfaithful, which is, as the word implies, the land of infidelity.

If history proves anything, it proves that the "infidels" are sometimes, at least, the prophets of God. The unbelievers of the day have been the believers of the century, the luminous points in the chapters that tell of man's progress.

What then? Are there no infidels? Is there no infidelity? Alas, too many and too much. Every mean trick, every sneaking plot in finance, politics, or religion, bespeaks an infidel, dangerous in his method, disastrous in his influence. He is infidel who is unfaithful to the light, who is distrustful of the divine leadings of reason and conscience, which are from God. He is infidel who believes in policy more than in principle, who trusts schemes more than character. He is infidel whose passion for success outruns the high conditions of the only success that is truly desirable. The infidelity that is to be dreaded is not the child of Philosophy, but the offspring of Dishonesty. It is not so often a denial of God as an ignoring of Him, not a deliberate rejection but a

constant forgetting of the divine presence; and the priests of this infidelity are not the men of science, but the men of sinful passions. That is infidelity that lowers a noble flag and runs up a poorer and narrower one for the sake of prosperity or worldly plenty. That is infidelity that rims companionship with prejudice and gives no fellowship beyond the sweep of sect or party, that says one thing and means another, that professes God with the lips but denies him with the heart.

That is infidelity that discards the voice of God in the soul of man, that subordinates the welfare of society, the freedom of the human soul, the interests of humanity, to the greed of office and the mammon of gain, the present prosperity of the few to the permanent progress of the race.

Giordano Bruno was burned as an infidel in Ragmarket Square in Rome three hundred years ago, but the saddest infidelity lay in the cruelty that piled the fagots under the feet of a thinker, and rejoiced when his voice was stifled by smoke. Now pilgrims seek his statue on the spot where his ashes fell.

He is the infidel who is afraid to follow truth and justice into exile, who dares not encounter

the defeat demanded of justice and of reason. He only avoids infidelity who is honest as the daylight, sincere as nature, broad as the ever-widening realms of human knowledge, and open as the love of God. He who would save himself from infidelity must ally himself with goodness, put himself in league with excellence, and be patient indeed with the limitations of men with that patience that knows no compromise, a patience as unyielding as the multiplication table, as divinely true and constant as the needle of the compass.

The headquarters of infidelity is in the saloon and not in the laboratory. Liberty is not threatened by the philosopher or the philanthropist, but by the demagogue and the "boss." She is unfaithful who blights the lives of others with meaningless gossip. He is always infidel to God who dares exclude the sincere and the loyal from the circle of the devout or from the fellowship of the noble.

A great organ contains from two to three thousand pipes ready to respond to the player's touch. Stops, keys, and pedals lend themselves to countless variations; and still the music is not in the multiplicity of pipes or the complexity of

their combination. The music is ever in the heart and brain of the musician. Long must he blunder and stumble among the keys before harmony, his harmony, the harmony back of him, begins to flow through him into the instrument. When he comes to his power, still inadequate are his combinations, and the instrument falls as much below his music as the highest creations of Beethoven fell below the ideal that lay beyond him, the dream-harmony that inspired him. The child that after much striving can sound the scale on that organ has gone a good way along the Beethoven road; and Beethoven no more than the child represents a boundary line or fixes a term where music ends.

What is the grandest man-made organ to the mighty orchestrion of Nature? How delicate are her higher notes, how majestic her thorough-bass, how infinite the combinations of her stops, how numberless her keys! Her bellows is inflated with the winds that tear over snowy mountain ranges and sweep across the unbroken leagues of ocean. Her tremolos are agitated by forest tops and sea waves. Her pedals connect the centuries, her stops unite the nations. And still the music of the universe, so far as we are

concerned, is not in this cosmic organ, but in the soul of man. To bring forth music out of this mighty organ is the mission of religion. How imperfect and finite are the noblest sonatas of the spiritual Beethovens and Mendelssohns! How beautiful and significant are the weakest fingerings of the child soul on the keyboard of life! Let no one presume to fix the limit where the music of this life begins or ends. Who dare put bounds to the religion in the soul of any man? Infidelity lies not in the limitations, but in the attempt to fix these limits and to make permanent the boundaries which mark only the bivouac places of mortal man on the march through time into eternity. The infidelity that blights is the infidelity which undertakes to put a rim around the boundless, to limit the limitless. Here lies the infidelity of the bigot, the sectarian, and the partisan. He is infidel who is unfaithful to the spirit of progress, blind to the solidarity of the race, insensible to the omnipresent God. He is farthest removed from the infidel, the unfaithful, who has most faith in love, and in man as the expression of love; who has fellowship for the excluded, who is willing to share his crumbs with Lazarus and place the goblet of

cold water to the parched tongue of Dives, though in order to reach him he must needs travel into the innermost circle of hell.

My sermon is preached. How can I return to the pioneer infidel in the out-of-the-way corner of Wisconsin, that I may end where I began, in my search for an infidel? Let Victor Hugo's great picture lead us back and let us down to the humble farmer loved by his cattle, honored by his neighbors, whose long life is prolonged in the lives of those whom he quickened. You remember how the good bishop in the book went to see the dying conventionalist, the "infidel" whom everybody avoided. Once even the stout heart of the bishop quaked, and he turned back after starting; but a second time he ventured, expecting to find a dying infidel. He found, on the contrary, a grand old man placed where he might die in the sunlight, the dignity of whose spirit as well as the sublimity of whose thought brought the good bishop to his knees and constrained him to crave a blessing from him he came to bless. This "infidel" confessed that he did "tear up the altar cloth," but it was "to stanch the wounds of his country." And, dying, he remembered without regret that he had

"succored the oppressed, relieved the suffering, ever supported the onward march of the human race toward light, and at times had even resisted *pitiless* progress."

I went a long distance to find an infidel. I returned to find him nearer home, in my own narrowness, my own prejudices, my own conceits, and my own cowardice.

THE SPADE AND THE PRUNING-HOOK

The great elm tree in the open, posed
Placidly full in front, smooth bole, broad branch,
And leafage, one green plenitude of May.

"O you exceeding beauty, bosomful
Of lights and shades, murmurs and silences,
Sun-warmth, dew-coolness, — squirrel, bee and bird,
High, higher, highest, till the blue proclaims
'Leave earth, there's nothing better till next step
Heavenward!' — so, off flies what has wings to help!"

— Robert Browning.

THE SPADE AND THE PRUNING-HOOK

And those that dwelt among plants and hedges. — 1 Chronicles iv. 23.

Like the traveller in the desert who unexpectedly comes upon a refreshing spring of water, so the reader of the Book of Chronicles, travelling through a dreary stretch of unpronounceable and uninteresting names, comes at length, after a long roll of regal and priestly functionaries, upon a list of curious craftsmen, workers in linen, potters, porters, handlers of the shield and buckler; when suddenly the crunching of the dry gravel ceases, and lo! he is arrested by the delightful suggestion of a people who "dwelt among plants and hedges."

This phrase is a very slender one, but around the phrase, as around the spring, grows up verdure. There are oases for mind as there are for body.

The cunning craftsmen mentioned ministered

to the worship of primitive man. They built shrines that were to decay, and reared altars that were to reek with cruelty, and eventually to become foul with superstition. They laid the foundation of temple walls that were to shelter unwholesome thoughts and sanction unholy deeds. The fabricators of linen wove that which would conceal royal corruption and make foul things appear comely. The potters suggest ill-shaped vessels to be outgrown in use and form. Those who handled the glistening shields might oppose human rights, and fight against eternal principles; their marshalled battalions might mow down humanity in the interest of low ambitions and sordid aims.

Different from all this is the suggestion of those who "dwelt among plants and hedges." They had already wheeled into line with civilization. They had discovered the method of permanent advancement. Logically as well as socially, they were working out that higher evolution which converts the sword into the spade. Indeed, the dictionary assures us that the latter is the civilized way of pronouncing the former. Our word "spade" is directly derived from the Spanish *espada*, a sword. Those who "dwelt

among plants and hedges" were spelling out the secrets of the Almighty, which are the secrets of progress. They had already begun to coöperate with him. They were creators after him. They were finishing what he had begun.

God left the grape small and sour, on stunted vine. Those that "dwelt among plants and hedges" trained and pruned that vine, and so re-created it that in due time it came to yield the Muscatel, the Concord, or the Isabella. It needs the pruning-hook to put the final touches on this world. It is the thumb upon the creative hand, and it is only when the completed hand works that civilization comes. Without this thumb-to-finger creation, the universe halts, and nature remains raw. Nature made a rose with a single whorl of fugacious petals that bloomed once a year. The dwellers "among plants and hedges" took their spades and pruning-hooks and turned in to help. They covered the hip with petals, and caused it to blossom every month in the year. Nature made a thicket; man, with his spade and pruning-hook, makes a hedge. Nature made a forest; man, with his spade and pruning-hook, makes a park. Nature gave to

earth the crab apple; those who "dwelt among plants and hedges" have enlarged the crab into a pippin, and sweetened it into a Baldwin. The earlier craftsmen laid their bloody sacrifices on the altar of a tribal and revengeful deity, but those that "dwelt among plants and hedges" laid their bloodless gifts upon the shrine of universal religion. We may not understand the mumblings of those, but with the sacraments of these we must have sympathy, and in them we will find fellowship. In this touch of nature all men are made kin. Primitive tools were crude. The potter's wheel, one of the earliest of tools, gave forth distorted shapes; but those ancient garden-makers, with their palm trees, their aromatic spice bushes, their roses and lily-rimmed hedges, charmed and refined then as now.

They that "dwell among plants and hedges" belong to the most permanent guild. It matters not whether it be the twentieth century before Christ or the twentieth century after; be they found in Judean village or German hamlet, on Babylonian plain or American prairie, their products are much akin. Whether they digged in the valley of the Euphrates, the Jordan, the Nile, the Rhine, the Tweed, the Missouri, the

Platte, or the Jim rivers, they all proved up their claim to a homestead in the same way. The "tree claim" is no recent Dakota invention, but one of the most ancient regulations. The planting of a tree always carried with it certain natural rights to the land wherein it was planted.

But the story of the spade and the pruning-hook written out in full would be the story of civilization studied in a far more fundamental way than in pursuing the story of court intrigues and military movements. Unnumbered centuries of grovelling idleness were doubtless followed by as many centuries of bloody conflict and reluctant labor before man turned his attention to garden-making; for a garden, in the fullest sense, is a place where the utilitarian clamor for food or for profit yields to the higher utilities of beauty and study. The spade and the pruning-hook are not chiefly, probably not primarily, concerned with the onion patch, the turnip bed, or the corn field; but, as the name implies, the garden is the guarded place. It is an enclosure, a sheltered place where plants, trees, and flowers are nurtured for their own sake; where they are appreciated for their beauty, shade, or memorial sanctity. Perhaps the spade and the pruning-hook received their

earliest consecration in Persia. Here, probably, did the garden originate, and those who "dwelt among plants and hedges" were here first recognized as a religious guild.

The Brahmins glorified the life of a dreamer, one who spent his days wrapt in prayer in the shade of the palm tree. Not so did the followers of Zoroaster, for in their Bible, the "Zend-Avesta," we find such lines as these: —

"The third place where the earth feels most happy is where the faithful cultivates most corn, grass, and fruit, where he waters ground that is dry and dries ground that is wet. And the fourth place where the earth feels most happy is where there is most increase of flocks and herds. And the fifth is where the earth is most enriched by the same. Unhappy is the land that has long lain unsown with the seed of the sower and wants a good husbandman. He who tills the earth with the left arm and the right arm, unto him will she bring forth plenty. 'O thou man who dost not till me with the left arm and the right arm,' says the earth, 'thou shalt stand at the door of the stranger among those who wait for bread. Ever shalt thou wait for the refuse that is brought unto thee, brought by those who have profusion. O Maker of the material world, what is the food that fills the law of Mazda?'

"Ahura Mazda answered, 'It is sowing corn again and again, O Spitama Zarathustra. He who sows corn

sows holiness. He makes the law grow higher and higher. He makes the law as fat as he could with a hundred acts of adoration, a thousand oblations, ten thousand sacrifices. When barley is coming forth, the Daevas start. When the corn is growing, they faint. When it is being ground, they groan, and when the wheat is come forth, they are destroyed. In the house wherein wheat is thus forthcoming they can no longer stay. They are beaten away. It is as though red-hot iron were turned about in their throats when there is plenty of corn.' Then let the priest teach his people this holy saying: 'No one who does not eat has strength to do the work of holiness, and food comes from husbandry. He who tilling the earth would not kindly and piously give to one of the faithful, shall fall down into the darkness of the earth, down into the world of woe, the dismal realm, down into the house of hell.'

"Happy is the land wherein the footprints of sheep are to be seen. Thither bring the red blazing fires. There shalt thou make waters flow in a bed. Thou shalt settle birds by the evergreen banks. Thou shalt establish dwelling places with balcony, courtyard, and gallery. Thither shalt thou bring cattle of every kind and the seeds of every kind of tree, the greatest, finest, best of all the earth, and the fruitfullest of fruit and sweetest of odor. There shall be no impotent, no lunatic, no lying, no meanness."

These passages, compiled and condensed from Max Müller's "Sacred Books of the East," — and

there is much more of the same kind in the "Zend-Avesta," — show how kindly the Parsis took to the ritual of the spade and the pruning-hook. They prove that Zoroaster deserves to be canonized as the patron saint of the granger. He elevated farming into piety. Perhaps from him came originally the suggestive fancy that the creating God completed his work by planting a garden. Out of the garden

"Yahveh made many trees to grow that were pleasant to the sight and good for food. The tree of life did he plant in the midst of the garden, and a river went out of the garden, and from there it was parted into four heads, and Yahveh took the man and put him into the garden to dress it."

But the primitive Adam travelled with uncertain gait toward the lower round of the ladder by means of which through slow and painful years he was to climb to power and to beauty. Primitive man was not ready for the spade and the pruning-hook. A long contest with barbaric wilds preceded that development of soul which enabled him even to dream the lovely picture of Eden, a name which is synonymous with Paradise, while Paradise again is related to our word *park*. So

the modern park, with its flowers and its gracious trees, is an actual realization of the Eden of the early imagination.

The analogy holds true in many ways. The ancient gardens were probably public improvements long before they became private luxuries. They were cultivated outside of the village by public servants, managed and supported by municipal authorities. It remained for modern man to retire his garden into the back yard and consecrate it to the onion, the squash, and the cabbage. I mean no disrespect to these elegant vegetables, none the less elegant because useful, but I deprecate the custom that turns the garden over into the care of a hired man and counts it only a contributor to the dietary needs of man. The kitchen garden is a degeneracy. It is hard to hold in one grasp the useful and the beautiful. Man is ever reluctant to tie his bunch of carrots with a ribbon.

Are we not justified, then, in saying that the spade and the pruning-hook are measures of human civilization?

The garden is an index of civilization. The ultimate inspiration is found in human speech. There is always a profound philosophy underlying the words we use. We have one word to

represent the means which brings wealth out of the soil and that which brings wealth out of the mind; one word for the raising of good apples and the raising of good children, namely, culture. He who hoes the corn and she who teaches the children the multiplication table are both called cultivators, and rightly so.

The superficial society wandered from valley to valley in search of the tallest grass, just as to-day the poorest home-makers, — nomads of the light housekeeping order in our cities, the Bedouins of the boulevards, — wander from place to place in search of the maximum of luxury with the minimum of work. That was a bold venture of the early shepherd who first dared turn down the green sod and undertake to subdue the grass upon which his flocks fed, in the faith that he could make better pasture by choosing his own seed. We can read the order of this growth between the lines of our Bibles.

Note the confusion in the Cain and Abel story. Evolution clearly shows that not Abel, the raiser and killer of sheep, but Cain, the tiller of the ground, was the superior brother. In the light of history, the latter and not the former made the more acceptable offering to God, because he made

the more valuable offering to man. The God who preferred Abel's blood offering to Cain's grain offering chose unwisely. The jealousy of Cain is not commendable, and his crime was a heinous one; but his offering of wheat was more worthy than his brother's kids, and ought to have been accepted.

When Abraham made his first real estate purchase the prospects of humanity brightened, for it tied nomadic man to a locality. The annual flower was being developed into a perennial. Thrifty Jacob, paying a hundred lambs for a ranch near Shechem, took a step in advance of Abraham, and civilization was fairly inaugurated. Abraham bought only a burying ground, but Jacob bought a field. Abraham made a graveyard, but Jacob tried his hand at a bit of farming. The one looked back and sanctified a memory; the other looked forward and planted a hope. One remembered the dead; the other served the living. In the story of Abraham we see vagrant barbarism slowly changing into tent-dwelling, society organizing itself around sacred memories. In the story of Jacob we see the tribal solvent beginning to crystallize into society, laying the foundation of national and international polity.

Jacob's tent stiffened into a house and grew into a stationary home.

I have no sentimentality to waste over a farmer or a farmer's life. I know too much about both. I shed no tears over the "Cincinnati" who are holding ploughs while they ought to be administering public affairs. It is only the office-seeker just before election time who is very sure that the farmer is necessarily "nature's nobleman." I leave such empty compliments to the politicians; yet I do say that, in the light of science and history, the inventor of the first plough, crude as it was, was a great benefactor of the human race, and we should ever hold honorable the hand that guides it and with splendid faith puts seed into the ground.

But I am now thinking, not of the tiller in the fields, but of the maker of gardens. In horticulture the tilling of the soil becomes a fine art. The garden-maker sees that the earth is not only a pantry containing food for the stomach and delights for the palate, but that it is also a picture gallery, holding fair forms and harmonious colors; a laboratory, filled with delicate perfumes; an auditorium, echoing sweetest music; a drawing-room, cushioned with softest grasses and hung

with luxuriant foliage; in short, a Paradise, the Eden home of the Adam that is to come.

It is delightful to trace the growth of the garden thought in the Bible pages. There the garden becomes a symbol of the perfect life, the redeemed soul is in its imagery "a well-watered garden," and we are told in the Talmud that the same word was generally used for feast and for garden.

But, historical illustrations aside, there is abundant evidence that, along with the development of refinement, the beautifying of the streets, and the improvement of our villages, have come the higher amenities of mental hospitality, moral integrity, and spiritual appreciation. Those who have in some way won the right to stay on a bit of earth have made for themselves the που στο that old Archimedes asked for, the place on which he might stand to move the world. Every honeysuckle vine brings Paradise nearer. Every pansy planted tells for decency. Every time you cause a tree to grow you become the continuation of God's creative finger, you make a spot where some homeless child of God may rest.

There is a reforming power in the spade and pruning-hook. They are the best temperance

workers. At the bottom of every redeeming pledge there lies a garden. Perhaps the best temperance organization in Illinois to-day is the State Horticultural Society. So long as the saloon keeper, with sunny memories from over the sea, garlands his windows with flowers and embowers his walls with foliage and singing birds, while the church across the way asks its devotees to sit in the dim religious light between grim walls draped in theological gloom, I fear the saloon will stand a better chance of winning souls. If we had more places where "plants and hedges" are, the business of suppressing drunkenness would become easier.

Yes, in the summer days when the heart yearns for the quiet and the beauty of nature, we realize the moral strength and the religious peace that comes to human nature through the garden.

It is no wonder that the memorial places of the world are tree places. It is claimed that the oldest historical tree in the annals of man is the bo-tree in Ceylon, said to have grown from a slip of the tree under which Buddha caught the vision of the path of virtue, and to have been carried to this island by the earliest Buddhistic missionary, about the middle of the third cen-

tury B.C. Its identity is established, it is claimed, by documentary evidence. Now its massive trunk and majestic branches are tenderly propped. It is the holy shrine toward which thousands of pilgrim feet are turned. If the story is to be trusted, for twenty-two hundred years this tree has stood, a living monument to a great soul. Botanists believe that some of the olive trees on Mount Olivet are old enough to have shared the sunlight with the great prophet of Nazareth while he was giving to hungry multitudes the lessons of the lily and the mustard-seed. Professor Gray thought the Sequoia of California as old as Christianity, and there are palm trees which are believed to be as venerable as the pyramids. Thus it is that even in an outward way a tree is the most lasting of monuments; it outlives crumbling stone and marble inscriptions.

What monument so fitting for Theodore Parker as the American pine that waves its evergreen branches over his Florentine grave? Happy and wise is he who plants a tree for a memorial. The tree will outlast the marble slab, and it will all the way along cheer the mind and bless the heart of bird, beast, and man.

But this sermon must do something better for

us than to arouse a homesickness for the country or quicken a longing for vacation time. Let it awaken sympathy for those who through long summer months must bide the slavery of city walls and the artificiality of city streets. Let us recognize such benefactions as the "Fresh Air Funds" and the "Country Week," as indications of the growing humanity of man, movements toward the spiritual charities. It is easier to live physically in the stifling air of the alley year in and year out, than it is to live morally in such a place; but even this most ethereal of physical charities, the bounty of fresh air, falls short of the highest bounty. The roses of thought and the lilies of feeling, the trees planted in the spirit garden, the spade that turns up the soil of the human soul, the pruning-hook that lops off the wayward sports of passion, letting the legitimate yearnings of the soul receive all the sap that courses through its life, — these represent that higher gardening which presses itself upon us to-day.

The gardener must not be in a hurry. So must not we be. But the gardener must not cease his vigilance, or weeds will check the corn and brambles kill the vine. So must we be dili-

gent. The gardener must sow in faith and prune in trust. So must we plant and water and train, and wait for that which we shall never see. The boy will pick the apples from the tree the grandfather planted, and our children's children will sit in the shade of the holy elm of character which we planted in the chill of the early spring and watered in the torrid heats of midsummer.

Planting acorns is inspiring work. He who plants them is sure that he will die while the oak is a sapling and that when his bones have mouldered into dust, the oak will be a palace of life, the pride of the field, and the joy of the landscape; and that, still farther along, it may be the beam of the plough, the hub of the wheel, the prow of the ship, or, best of all, the rafters of a home wherein lovers kiss, children are born, and greatness and goodness are nurtured to become a part of that eternity into which he died forever more to live.

THE REFORESTATION OF TOWER HILL

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
  The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
  Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

— Robert Browning.

THE REFORESTATION OF TOWER HILL

THERE are no vacant spots in nature. There have been no vacancies in the life of the world during the July and August months. The term "vacation" is misleading. Life and death, peace and war, joy and despair, have filled to the full the measure of time during these months.

This year it is no human event or personal incident that will introduce my after-vacation sermon. Rather let old Tower Hill itself send through me its message. For two months and more I have nestled on its bosom. Asleep and awake, in daylight and in darkness, through sunshine and moonshine, it has ministered unto me. It is true that ever and anon the human forces that sat at its feet and traversed its brow were rallied and precipitated in this interest or that. We human parasites tried to do something for ourselves, for others, and for the hill. There was an output of mind and will, a manifestation of

what we in our conceit would call "civilization." The hill is not wanting in a human investment that is interesting. The story of its men and women, traceable through some seventy years of mortal time, could I but tell it in all its hidden wealth and pathos, would carry a profound sermon "on the world's seemings and realities." But what is borne in upon me most of all at this time is the truth that there was a force behind and beyond us, working upon us, more mysterious than any conscious force which we could bring into action. The hill was more creative than its inhabitants; life revealed itself most persistently and abundantly in its subhuman and superhuman forces.

Tower Hill is one of the countless bluffs moulded by the eroding fingers of the Wisconsin River, that quietly flows at its base two hundred feet below its summit. It was a landmark to the early navigator when this waterway was the highway of the territorial commerce. Twenty miles to the southward lay the once famous lead regions of Wisconsin. At that time Tower Hill was "Shot-tower Hill." Through its bold front was bored, over sixty years ago, the perpendicular shaft down which the molten lead dropped into the waiting

water that fixed the little spheres. A horizontal shaft carried the shot out to the daylight and the "finishing-house," from which it was loaded on the boats which carried it to the St. Louis and other Mississippi River markets. Then Shot-tower Hill had a commercial significance. Its value was rendered in terms of trade. Its sloping sides were denuded of the stately pines for their lumber-making values. The houses of the operatives flecked its base, and the boys and girls of a thriving village made excursions to its summit to see the "works."

But the railroad came and changed the commercial front of the country. The lead mines were exhausted. The thriving village vanished. The portable portions of the shot-tower plant were moved to Chicago and became a part of the West Side shot-tower. In a few years Heléna, as the neighbors called the little town, became a deserted village, and there was nothing left of the shot-tower but the hole in the bluff. The hill became waste land not worth the taxes. It was exposed to the annual or semi-annual devastations of fire. It became common pasture-land, the rendezvous of tramp steers, vagrant sheep, and long-nosed pigs, such as belonged to the primi-

tive times when hogs had to root for their own living. The barren sand was seamed with irregular cow-paths, lined with the formidable sand-bur which the Agricultural Department at Washington in its last year-book classes among "the twenty-five most harmful weeds," and which science calls the *Cenchrus tribuloides*. Alas! who has ever come within touch of its insolent familiarity without knowing tribulation?

So utterly abandoned, unprofitable, and disreputable had this hill become during these years of neglect that the residents of the neighboring valley smiled a sickly smile of sympathy for the city parson who wasted money enough to secure a tax title to the worthless, apparently fruitless, and certainly sunburned hill. The sickly smile gave way to an open laugh when around and upon this tax title three parsons proposed to organize the "Tower Hill Pleasure Company" and make a retreat for the tired, a resting-place for weary nerves, a shelter to footsore travellers on the pilgrimage of life.

This was in 1892. Since that time the old village plat has again been re-platted, and cottages, dining hall, pavilion, long-houses, ice-house, and snow-white tents have marked the

hill slope. Through the shaft where once the molten lead dropped on its way to murder, the wind now lifts the purest of water from the cool heart of the Potsdam sandstone, the earliest of stratified rocks lying close to the granite backbone of the pre-Adamic island that was the first to lift its head above the ocean wastes in all of what is now the Mississippi Valley. The water is caught in a rock-ribbed reservoir in the top of the hill and distributed through the hydrants that almost justify the urban title of " water-works."

During these eight years there has been some unsystematic tree-planting. A few scores of elms, maples, birches, and basswoods planted by men's hands are getting a start, and there has been some seed-sowing, a little sprinkling in midsummer and some planting of flowers ; but the planted trees are not very vigorous, and the so-called cultivated flowers for want of early tending are often sickly. Still, the hill is confessed pretty even by those who knew and scorned it in its fallen estate, and to the learned eye it is increasingly beautiful. It has become in these eight years, as the horticulturist told us last summer, a marvellous nursery of forest trees. Its breast is matted with baby oaks, maples, and ash. Thousands of little pines,

two, three, and four years old, are pushing their evergreen spires upward on the very spot where their fore-elders fell in their majesty before the devastating axe of man, half a century and more ago. Now, where the graceless *tribuloides* held their burs in wait to throw the city matron off her dignity, little children roll on the white clover swards, and the neighborly farmers, cordially rejoicing in the truth, tell us of the wonderful change we have wrought on Tower Hill. Change there has certainly been; but the interest culminates in the inquiry, "What has brought about this change?" and the point of this sermon, if point there be, will be found in the answer to this question.

The seeding, the planting, and the sprinkling are but small, insignificant, and relatively unnecessary elements in the change. The great thing that has been done for the hill by human forces is the merely negative work of throwing a barbed wire fence around our sixty acres to keep out the denuding hordes of cattle, the browsing sheep, and the rooting hogs, and giving it the oversight and moral dignity which for eight years have saved the hill from the devastating fires, the semi-annual holocausts. In other words, we have

simply protected the hill from human interference, and Nature has done most of the work. The cottagers may boast of their morning-glories and summon men and women to early revelations, but Nature has twined her trees with ivy, groined forest arches with the grape-vine, and interwoven the whole hill slope with the magic tracery of twisted and climbing things, the delicacy of whose foliage and the grace of whose drapings enhance and interpret the high achievements of the woman-trained vines in their grace and glory. The women have done best when they have taken counsel of the hill, and re-planted only what Nature has already planted there. They have been somewhat successful with the nasturtiums, and the geraniums have been faithful, as they are everywhere to human guidings, but the hill itself has grown, to the delight of its dwellers, a wealth of columbine and painted-cup, spiderwort and milkweed, scouring-rush and purple vetch, verbena and silkweed, lobelia and cardinal-flower. Tower Hill has a garden which does splendidly with its parsnips, carrots, and cabbages, its peas, its beans, and its melons, as the boarders gladly testify ; but the hill grows, without the gardener's touch, catnip and spearmint, smartweed and

boneset, with ornamental shrubbery in the way of button-bush, spirea, and silverweed. Man has but to keep down the fires and keep out the cattle, and the hill will give him harebell and evening primrose, sunflower, gerardia, marguerites, and half a hundred other plants that need only rarity to make them the pride of the florist, as they are already the joy of the botanist. In loving return for this slight care, junipers mat the hill slope with their evergreen saucers thirty feet in diameter and five feet high at the rim, and gracious cedars confidently lift their little heads in front of our cottage doors. Their tops now range from the level of a man's eye to the height of a child's knee, and they have started out on the patient growth that will make them, a hundred years from now, if not interfered with, the stalwart elders of the forest, with the dignity of the cedars of Lebanon.

Seated in front of Westhope cottage, I counted one day, within distinguishing range of the eye, a radius of perhaps fifty feet, a variety of thirty-four different plants and grasses without including trees or cultivated varieties. Whence comes this fertility, this splendid fecundity, even of an abandoned hill?

The first answer is a most assuring and comforting one. We are sure of this at least, that they were not man-sown. Nature is fecund from center to circumference. Every yard of earth, every foot of air, every pint of water, is a mighty storehouse of living germs. Give them a chance, keep out the devastating forces, and, lo! they burst into life. Potential forests slumber in the close-cropped pasture lots. The abandoned hill slope that you can secure with a tax title is in possibility a great arboretum, where the student of trees may revel in lore independent of college or professor. One of the Vanderbilts has made himself a benefactor to the state by setting apart Biltmore, his great forest park near Asheville, North Carolina, for a school in forestry, whither the young men of the nation may go and prepare themselves for the rising profession of foresters. And there lies a possibility of a Biltmore, a school in forestry, on any of the bluff sides, in any of the hollows and pockets, formed by the tributaries of the upper Mississippi, if only the fires are kept off and Nature is given a chance.

This fecundity of Nature, this tendency of old Mother Earth to reclothe herself in becoming habiliments, is of immense economic significance,

and this the governments of the world are beginning to realize.

Forestry is a growing term in economics. It is engaging the attention of statesmen and scientists. Our country is beginning to wake up to the fact that it must take warning and instruction from the older countries of Europe, and protect its forests. The Agricultural Department at Washington estimates that the existing supply of timber will be exhausted in sixty years, but that forests may grow into fuel-supplying size in from fifteen to twenty-five years and into timber-yielding dimensions in from seventy-five to a hundred years.

But it is quite apparent now to the student that the production of forests is not so dependent on artificial planting as it is on the protection of Nature's planting. The Island of St. Helena has been denuded twice in the range of European history. Much of the semi-desert country of the East, including Palestine and a large part of Turkey, simply awaits the protecting, not the producing, hand of man. The far-seeing legislators of Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota are now trying to devise methods by which the state may repossess itself of the pine lands which,

to the superficial sight, seem to have been rendered worthless by the denudation of their forests. Now it is seen how short-sighted was the state that sold the land instead of selling the timber on the land, admitting that it was wise at the time for the state to barter away, for a trifling consideration, the great natural bounty of God, the inherited wealth of all the people. The individuals who bought this land became thereby the proud pine barons of the Northwest. Had the state but retained the foundation title to the land itself, which to these eager speculators seemed valueless, in another hundred years there would have been another fortune waiting upon the great-great-grandchildren of the first pinery men.

But I have not hinted at this Nature triumph on Tower Hill in order to draw an economic lesson alone. I have told the story for its profound spiritual significance, hoping it may enforce a timely ethical lesson. Soul fields as well as physical fields are often desecrated by wanton hands that destroy the tree growths in their infancy. Both alike are often devastated by consuming fires. This parable of Tower Hill leads us to some very subtle and sober problems in child-rearing, character-making, home-planting.

Something can be done in the planting of seeds, in the cultivation of exotics, in producing what might be called a man-made crop in the fields of the spirit. To this end have we established schools and lectureships. To this end do we organize classes and clubs. All this is well. But there is a higher work in protecting the seeds planted deep in the constitutions of our children and ourselves by an unrecorded ancestry. Our most important work is to keep out the fires, to protect the tender buds while they are still tender, to nurture them until they become self-reliant and self-assertive forces in the spiritual realm. A vagrant goat may nip off the terminal bud from the pine seedling when it is but a foot above the ground; the tapering axis that would have climbed straight as an arrow a hundred feet into the air is made forever impossible. It may grow, but it will be through lateral and crooked branches. So it is in the life of the child. Our chief concern should be, not to fill the mind with transplanted growths, but to protect and bring to completion the germs that are already planted there.

The Nebraska tree planters have found that their pines grow better when planted thick, and that the best results are found when the young

conifers are furnished with " nurses," that is, with quick-growing, deciduous trees planted between the rows. The rapid-growing locusts or soft maples nurse the baby pines that will outreach and outlive their foster-mothers. The splendid fecundity of Tower Hill is symbolic of spiritual possibilities. The germs of pine and oak lie slumbering in every soul. If kept free from distracting interferences, these germs will yet venture into life, climb into grace, and become in God's own good time mighty towers of strength and beauty. Darwin, in the later years of his life, bemoaned the fact that in his absorbing studies he had neglected poetry and music, and had thereby lost to a great extent his power of enjoying them. But Darwin himself was at that very time making poetry for the generations to follow, gathering the material that is convertible into literature and song as well as into science. He needed but to give his soul a chance, secure for it a little leisure, build around it a little fence to keep out the intrusive studies and the carking cares, and the song seed and the poetry germs lying dormant there would have been promptly quickened, and burst into life to bloom and bear fruit in due time.

Have you a child that seems to have grown

indifferent to the holy things of life, *blasé* to the sanctities, stolid in the presence of the duties and the beauties of being? If you study the case carefully you will probably find that the soul field of the child has been invaded by outside influences and interferences, burned over by the passion of publicity, idle curiosity, or social sensation. Throw a fence around it, protect it from these wild and shallow dissipations, and the process of reforestation will take place. The most skilful mother heart I have ever known argues that any child, taken young enough, can be made a good child. Yes, under the protecting guardianship of that mother heart. Said the experienced forester to the Tower Hill directors: "Let the hill alone. Cut no underbrush. Let the matted thickness be. Let the fallen leaves lie. They hold the moisture, retain the snow, shelter from the scorching sun, and trees grow thus protected that would die under cultivation." I would not push my figure too far, but I believe there are boys and girls all around us whose souls are withering and growing barren from over-interference under the name of "cultivation." Let them alone awhile, and Nature will again out of her abundant breast send forth new buds, a new output of spiritual foliage.

Tremendous events have recently transpired in our national and international life. Santiago, Puerto Rico, Manila, are names freighted with connotations of war. War in its best estate is a forest fire that destroys the very country it would redeem, and blights the forces it would protect and cultivate. How gracious, then, were the tidings of peace, and how sublime, following hard upon the heels of the Spanish-American truce, was the message that came from the grim land of the Tartar. No state document has appeared since our own Declaration of Independence so evangelical in its message, so far-reaching in its prophecy, so benignant in its intent, as that which was lately sent from the crowned head of Russia to the nations of the world. Heretofore Russia in our thought has been the grim land of the Nihilist, of Siberian cruelty and Jewish persecution. But by some divine process of protection there has been carried on a process of reforestation in that cold country of the bear. The pictures of Verestchagin, the gospel of Tolstoy, and the parables of Turgenieff have been nursing their kind in the sheltered walks of Russian life. Nursed by these perhaps short-lived trees, there has been growing into life and beauty this perennial pine.

The prophecy in the Czar's proclamation is indicated by the glad reception it has received at the hands of earth's noblest. What a promise of reforestation is here, when the indolent armies of Europe shall be relegated to the fields, when the exhausted coffers of the nations shall be depleted no more for the support of idle armaments. Oh, lift from the powers of Europe the cost of gunpowder, let the energies now diverted, dissipated, and destroyed by the god of war relapse into the creative world, and how sterile hills will be gladdened, abandoned fields become fertile, and what was before drear and forbidding grow fragrant and beautiful. Give to these words either a physical or a spiritual interpretation, and they will be equally true. Even Spain, if she will nurse her vine-clad hills, attend to her olive gardens, and give her soul an opportunity to find itself once more, may become the cradle of another chivalry, the home of a new romance, from which another Columbus will sail to find new and more lasting Spanish possessions.

What is the church in its best estate? A place where souls may find shelter, may flee from the impoverishing and drying distractions of the world, where the heart may sequester itself and

give the germs of goodness slumbering in the seed a chance. The potencies of life are abundant. Nature's resources are exhaustless, and it is the province of the economist and the moralist not to create, but to protect and direct this mighty power not ourselves, that makes for beauty and righteousness, for truth and duty. It is the province of the church, the school, and the state to enter into coöperation with these mighty forces that are always lifting and always pushing. From beneath comes the mighty ground-swell of progress. Out of the unseen, the intangible, burst the revelations of the eternal. We are here among men and women whose hearts are devastated with the prairie fires of ambition and speculation, whose brains have been scorched with selfishness and outwardness, to make a Tower Hill of the spirit, a camping-ground of the soul, a place where children may be restored to child-like simplicity, where men and women may be renewed in their domestic loyalties, where citizens may be snatched from the blistering winds of partisanship to be revived in the gracious shades of principle, under the protecting limbs, the leafy bowers, of disinterested loyalty, international sympathy, cosmopolitan enthusiasm, and humanitarian

devotion. Oh, there is work to be done for the children that we inadequately control, for the lovers that imperfectly love, for the fathers and mothers who are raising orphaned children in the very laps of those who gave them being. Oh, there is work for us to do, and this work is not to import delicate exotics into this garden of the Lord, not to transplant the doubtful growth of other climes; but to develop what is already planted here, to let the springs of action loose, and to uncoil the forces that have been coiled by the hands of the infinite God in our souls.

THE DEAD TREE

THE DAY OF DAYS

Each eve earth falleth down the dark,
As though its hope were o'er;
Yet lurks the sun when day is done
Behind to-morrow's door.

Gray grows the dawn while men-folk sleep,
Unseen spreads on the light,
Till the thrush sings to the colored things,
And earth forgets the night.

No otherwise wends on our hope:
E'en as a tale that's told
Are fair lives lost, and all the cost
Of wise and true and bold.

We've toiled and failed; we spake the word;
None hearkened; dumb we lie;
Our hope is dead, the seed we spread
Fell o'er the earth to die.

What's this? For joy our hearts stand still,
And life is loved and dear,
The lost and found the Cause hath crowned,
The day of days is here.

— William Morris.

THE DEAD TREE

It was not because Lake Ripley is not beautiful that I had never heard of it in such a way as to leave a mark of memory upon my mind, for it is a crystal gem, a circular cup somewhat more than a mile in diameter, rimmed around by moulded hills padded with green, and brimmed with oaks, elms, basswoods, and that indefinable tangle of vegetation that moccasins tall trees, protecting their feet and padding their toes. Nor was it because it lies in an out-of-the-way place, where I had never travelled, for it is situated well in the line of my summer route between Chicago and Tower Hill. I had ridden to the right of it and to the left of it; I had driven to the north of it and to the south of it, almost within hearing of the lapping of its waves; and still I had never turned aside to see it. The probable cause of this neglect was that Wisconsin is so full of these geological pitchers which Nature long ago scooped out with a glacier tool and filled with ice-water,

and has ever since kept full by means of the rains and brooks that know where to store pure water after it has been filtered through clouds and gravel beds. Lake Ripley would still have remained less than a name in my mind if the subtle strings of destiny, so light in their manifestations that we call them "whims," had not led me to decide that my morning ride should be to Jefferson rather than to Lake Mills.

The movements of destiny in this case were quite explicable. Roos and I love to touch this pretty little town on our wanderings, because Roos remembers the kind liveryman, and I enjoy the hospitalities of one of the most comfortable little hotels in Wisconsin. But even so we should not have found Lake Ripley if we had not reached Jefferson upon the very afternoon when my parishioners, Mr. and Mr. L—— and their little daughter, had concluded to drive over to town from the lake, across twelve miles of tempting country and delicious air, punctuated with prancing colts, happy cows, and prosperous farmers. And still I might have missed the lake if I had written my name in my usual short-meter incognito of J. L. Jones, Tower Hill, Wisconsin, instead of the long-meter, metropolitan signature

of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago. The register "gave me away"; and the exposure led to a delightful change of route and found me at evening seated on the bank of the charming Lake Ripley, bringing up my end of an acquaintance with friends who knew me much better than I knew them. They had let me into their secret, for secret it was, inasmuch as Chicago and the noisy, busy cities near it had, like the pastor, fortunately neglected Lake Ripley. It is in the main an undiscovered gem, save by the few residents who control desirable stretches of the delightful shore, where they conceal themselves in cottages that nestle among green leaves like birds.

Long we sat there into the beautiful summer twilight and talked of trees, grasses, birds, the fish that "did not bite," the first great-grandchild that was coming from the city next week, the vacant bungalow that was to be fitted up, and the grass that was to be raked by the grandfather, who had long since forsaken the rake and pitchfork for the scarcely less toilsome tasks of the city. As night closed in, and the moon changed the lake gem from the amber of the sunset into the opal of the moonlight, I found my attention centering around a stark, grim, and long since dead

tree that still stood stalwart at the edge of the lake, holding its grim, naked arms proudly above the rustling, singing leaves and living trees, to some of which it had borne the relation of mother, to all the relation of nurse. It had witnessed their planting, watched their growing, and now brooded over them in death. The conversation went on, but the old tree was planting itself in my brain. I did not want to think of it, but it forced itself into my thought. There was nothing peculiar about it. It was a dead tree, and that was all. But it was taking a peculiar hold upon my imagination. It was intruding upon the conversation, breaking in upon our communion or entering into our fellowship, I scarcely knew which.

Probably for the purpose of dismissing the intruder, I abruptly broke off and said to my friends, without very much conscious meaning in my words, "I suspect that if I were to spend my summer in this cottage I should grow very fond of that old dead tree; there is something about it that attracts me; I have been more interested in it than in all these trees you are so proud of." And suddenly there was an explosion of approval, an exclamation of joy from the elder mother, followed by such an exchange of excla-

mations as could be explained only by the fact that I had stumbled upon a family matter. It became evident that the dead tree was one of the living issues in that summer home circle. What to do with it had become rather a hot question in the family. Certain youthful and progressive elements in the household were in favor of ridding the landscape of the "dead hulk," relieving the dooryard of the "unsightly thing," trimming the bit of forest to the standards of the books and parks. But the grandmother, whether from the recollection of what the old tree had been or from some admiration of what it now was, had fought, so to speak, for the life of the dead tree. Why she clung to it perhaps she no more than I could explain, but she thanked me for my word in behalf of the old dead tree.

Next morning Roos and I started out for another day's ride toward Tower Hill, renewed in body and refreshed in spirit. I had found Lake Ripley, and strung one more "gem of purest ray serene" on my necklace of Wisconsin lakes. I had made a "parish call" which had proved as delightful to me as it was exceptional in my habit, for, as my parishioners know, I make most of my parish calls in the pulpit and

class-rooms of my church. And I carried away with me the thought of the dead tree. My ride carried me out of Dane County into Iowa County, out of the lake region into the bluff region. Moraines gave way to ravines, and gravel banks to valleys. The geological drift disappeared, and the geological "pocket," which holds the homes of men, and forms the haunts of cattle, charmed instead. By the slow ascent of thirty miles I reached the wooded slopes of the Blue Mounds, and by an abrupt descent of fifteen miles I struck the level of the Wisconsin River at Tower Hill, a thousand feet below. All the way the road was lined with black, white, and bur oaks, hickory, ash, and elm, big barns and small cottages, orchards, gardens, and thickets. I travelled over prairie, through openings, into forests. My horse's feet struck sparks from the flinty hillside, and sunk into the mire of marshy bottoms. I talked with little children and old men. I studied American cosmopolitanism at first hand as I passed through German, Scotch, Irish, Norwegian, and Welsh settlements, and was taught the road in the brogue and broken English characteristic of each.

And through it all the dead tree went. I saw

more dead trees in that two days' ride than I had ever seen before in my life. The dead branches and dismantled trunks took possession of my mind, now with grim humor, and now with the subtle charm that pervades an ill-fated torso of antique art, whose beauty is all the more profound in its battered and shattered nakedness.

On Tower Hill our first concern is for the trees. The first annual inspection is to note what trees have grown and what ones have died, which are thrifty and which are sickly. And this year the one tree event was the final surrender of the beautiful white ash tree that had been our admiration, joy, and comfort in the neighborhood of the dining hall. Two years ago a mysterious army of beetles rose out of the sand and climbed the ash trees, burrowing into their bark, and forming processions along the branches. Last year the noblest ash on the hill was struggling for existence, and this year it was dead. All summer its wandlike branches have whipped nakedly in the wind; and what was once a great ball of the peculiar soft green that ash trees wear, a home in which the birds found safe retirement, now cut the sky into arabesque figures, or, when the line of vision gave a forest background,

crossed and recrossed this background with a network of dark lines like a Japanese screen. And the question of the family on Lake Ripley has become the question of the Tower Hill administration: Is the dead ash tree to be cut down?

Inasmuch, then, as the dead tree stood squarely in the perspective of my vacation days, amused me in my indolent mood, threw its shadow across my thinking, and searched me with its interrogatories, how can I keep it out of my after-vacation sermon? Why should I not let it do its best, or worst, as the case may be, and engage your thoughts for an hour, as it has enlisted mine for many hours? So together let us go in search of the sermon of the dead tree.

Clearly, the first and most obvious preacher-use of the dead tree is to make it the type and symbol of mortality. The dead tree serves in these more scientific times the purpose of the encoffined skeleton at the Egyptian banquet, as a reminder of the fleeting quality of life. Every dead tree says to every observer: —

> "As you are now, so once was I;
> As I am now, so you will be."

Hence, take heed of the inevitable end. Green leaf, blossom, fruit, proud defiance of frost and storm, brave endurance of drought and heat, will avail but for a time. Steadily and surely approaches the time when naked boughs, hardened trunk, and lifeless roots will be the end of all your promise and your grace. No matter how luxuriant your growth may be, how affluent in resources, how resplendent in adornment, the time is coming when, beyond the "sear and yellow leaf," the condition of the dead tree will be yours.

But this sermon is so obvious, and has been preached so well and so long, that I need not waste time in weakening it by repetition. I need only remark in passing that it is a real sermon, and one that is always in order, because it is rooted in divine wisdom. If the dead tree could but teach this lesson effectively, it would be well to let one stand in the lawn of every wealthy man's mansion. Let it stand grim and eloquent in the foreground of our watering places, let its shadowless limbs cut across the sky above the heads of the flippant dancers, the shallow revellers, and the idle gossips who, under the name of recreation, waste the precious summer months

and debase the social currency, the standard value of which ought to be a sacred trust. If this were the only lesson of the dead tree, there should still be one left standing on the campus of every university, and overarching the entrance of every business exchange, that young men and women might know the time value of their school days, and business men might read in this strong symbol of Nature the inevitable outcome of their speculations and the final return of their investments. Let the dead tree stand while it teaches the mortality of earth, the end of all living.

But our dead tree can teach us more than this, for the tree, though dead, is far from useless. In the economies of men it is only when the tree dies that it becomes valuable. What before was a tree is now timber. Out of the trunks of dead trees houses are built, and bridges are made on which are laid the iron rails that bear the traffic of nations. Out of the dead trees the wheelwright shapes the wealthy man's coach and the poor man's cart, and out of dead trees are wrought the luxuries and necessities of the cabinet shop. Tables, chairs, bedsteads, and piano-cases slumber in the trunk of the dead tree. When Nature has done her best, then human nature steps in and carries on the creation

still farther. Here, as in many other places, it would seem as though man's work begins where God's work ends. Human thrift hastens to destroy the living tree that thereby it may be of use to man.

Not the decaying hand of time, not the cycle of tree life, not the working of vegetable law, has converted the great forest trees of Wisconsin into dead timber, but the axe of the woodsman. About seven miles from Tower Hill lies the last patch of the aboriginal forest trees that I know in the region where I find my summer home. There a few acres of the great white oaks that Nature, guarded by the rugged surroundings of Rock Hill, has been building for two hundred years, have escaped the settler. Occasionally a fraction of the human dwellers of the countryside feel the charm of these oldest settlers, dwellers there when the deer browsed about them, when the red man pitched his wigwam under their branches, when the hunter and the trapper were their familiars, and before the compass and the chain man, in the name of government, ran the lines to set apart for the use of individual man the primeval patrimony of all men. This fragment of a human community is learning to use

the sylvan dell peopled with great white oaks as a picnic ground. There the young people go to eat and dance. On the Fourth of July the farmers gather with their flags, and the children bring their fire-crackers. There we went one day to listen to political speeches, when the pastor, who was asked to speak for the independent in politics, forgot for a while the claims of the noble army of scratchers which constitutes the hope of the country, in his plea for the preservation of the oaks. A few days later a family gathering of the denizens of Tower Hill and their spiritual kindred drove to Rock Hill, and stopped there to eat watermelons and such other good things as belong to a country picnic. Then and there a movement was set on foot to save fifteen acres of that primeval forest for future generations, and preserve the trees to gladden the eyes of the unborn, that the children of the twentieth century might know under what conditions their fore-elders of the nineteenth century carved out their homes and reared their roof-trees. But the movement was confronted with the ominous fact that the trees were "too valuable to keep." The young Norwegian owner, alive and nervy, was already sharpening his axe for them, and the whole forest is doomed when

the snow falls; for railroad ties bring a good price, and, as the proprietor proudly said, they "worked eight dollars out of one tree last year." The fifteen acres are worth three hundred and fifty dollars, and it is doubtful whether the citizens of the town of Wyoming can find it in their hearts to sacrifice three hundred and fifty dollars' worth of timber for the sake of saving fifteen acres of noble trees for posterity; but the very suggestion is a small sign of the great times to come when the passion for wealth, high and noble as it may be, shall be subordinated to the still higher and nobler passion for common-wealth.

There is another sermon in my dead tree. It justifies its preservation on artistic grounds. There is esthetic value in Nature's grays and browns, as well as in her greens, yellows, and reds. We scarce feel the conventionalities of life and the limitations of culture when we are thrown far out on the breast of Nature and have nobody to give us the cue or set up the "standard" of art. Let the artist who doubts the artistic quality in our dead tree undertake to sketch it. Let him paint it just as it is, "count it crime to let a truth slip," and see how difficult a thing it is to do. We have an inartistic prejudice against the com-

monplace and the familiar. What splendid depth in the yellow of a sand-bar, what unattainable brown in the rustling autumn leaves, which the luxurious, so anxious to show their good taste through other people's work, are always determined to have raked up, destroyed, burned, — anything to get the "rubbish" out of the way, — though it is Nature's beneficent mulch that keeps the moisture around the trees, nurses the young seedlings, and slowly accumulates the leaf mould that makes the grain-bearing and fruit-yielding soil. The whippoorwill, the shyest and most characteristic of our American birds, courts the dead limb. He always lights upon it lengthwise, concealing himself thus by his bold alliance with a neutral tint that blends with the color of his own coat. And our bird man told us of certain birds that always light on dead limbs, not for the sake of obscurity, like the whippoorwill, but because they do not propose to be surprised, and will not take a position where they can be pounced upon. If fitness is an element of beauty, as Millet urges, and utility an indispensable element in art, as Tolstoy teaches, there is an esthetic element in a dead limb because there is an ethical element in it.

The spiral of our old oak tree on Ripley Lake

had gone three times around the circle in its persistent contest with the prevailing winds across the waters, and it stands there to-day suggestive of heroism, testifying to patience, a monument of persistency; and only our utilitarian training makes a blur of that which is actually relief, contrast, suggestion, beauty of form, of color, of attitude, of position.

But a very little science gives us still another sermon from our dead tree. Biologically speaking, the tree is anything but dead. As the sap recedes, the line of life advances, and our dead tree becomes a veritable metropolis of life in which countless residents enjoy palatial comforts.

It is not the leaf alone, but every dead trunk and withering limb, that is the home of many happy creatures. Nature as well as human nature has economic uses for the dead tree. The tremendous push of things which we call evolution is not thwarted by what we blindly call death, for it takes hold of the dead thing and makes of it a stepping-stone to still higher life farther on. The roots that sought moisture in deep places when the leaves were busy at their pumping now serve as so many irrigating canals to carry down the moisture, depositing the material which, because

it has once been used, is more available for the next use, and in due time the whole tree will be given back to the dominion of life.

Searching farther into the mystery of the dead tree, I tore open with my cane the very body of a prostrate trunk that had lain low at the foot of Tower Hill for many years, when, lo! I found that I had uncapped an entomological London; a multitude rose in resentful surprise: beetles, centipedes, ants, worms, and bugs beyond numbering and far beyond my naming, found their homes invaded, their providence interfered with. They were but using up the old log in new life, and when they in their turn should die, Nature would claim it all.

Why, then, should not the dead tree remain standing in the sight of men, preaching the gospel whose outward message, as we have seen, is mortality, but whose most inward message is immortality? It was folded only to be unfolded farther on. There is no wastage in Nature, there is nothing useless in the economies of God.

Still another lesson, and the last. If for no other reason the dead tree on Lake Ripley has a right to stand because it is an *oak* tree. Its substance was piled deliberately. Its fabric was

woven with infinite care and minuteness. It represents a century and a half of vegetable diligence. It was so great and spendid a triumph that it took perhaps ten years to die. While the heart of it was mouldering, the outer rim was fresh and buoyant, drawing up the materials for leaves and acorns; and, being dead, it still stands strong and defiant, able to resist the same prevailing wind across the lake, to endure the old frost bites and survive the scorching suns perchance a decade more before it falls; and when it has fallen, sawed down by the mandibles of beetles and other wood things whose names I do not know, it will lie on the beach perhaps still another decade before Nature finishes unlocking that which she herself locked up in the cabinets of the oak. There is more meaning, significance, and consequent beauty in a dead oak than in a live poplar which came to its maturity in ten years, and will die in a year, and, two or three years later, will be in ashes. It is a glorious thing to be an oak, to have enduring qualities, the power to resist, the ability to serve, to endure hardness like a good soldier.

Here endeth my sermon of the dead tree. But dare I stop here? Not unless it has awakened a train of thinking and feeling that passes

beyond the forest king, the forest lake, and outward nature; not unless it has suggested inspiring and searching analogies in the fields of morals and of spirit. In the realm of human life all the dead things are not yet under ground. There are dead men still unburied, dead governments still strong, dead churches still useful, dead customs still beautiful. Our task is to respect the unburied dead for what they have been, honor them for what they are, and tenderly allow them to stand in history, though they make no new wood, put forth no fresh foliage, and are no more creative. Such are the brave men who see no new light, the loyal ones who remain standing in a moving world; such are the governments that were formulated by obsolete ideals, that represent closed convictions. Such are the churches that are based upon the conclusions of the fathers alone, the churches that are standing on their creeds and standing by their dogmas. We will not try to cut them down. We will be patient with the conservative men who, impervious to the spirit of progress, are still monuments of past vitality. We will try to be patient in the presence of governments based on might, resting in feudalism, assuming

to serve the world to-day on the infamous basis of the aristocracy of mediæval times, not knowing that their bodies are being made porous by the encroachments of new life. The heart of monarchy to-day is populous with the democracy which is gnawing away the fiber of aristocracy and working up the old material into new life. So it is with the churches; when they can no longer breed faith, they had better breed doubt, which is another name for life. The higher iconoclasm is a process of reincarnation. "I criticize by creation," said Angelo. So says Nature, — I create by reorganization, I destroy only that I may build again.

"All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

* * * *

"I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled;
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

"'Twas but the ruin of the bad —
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still."

But let not the hard sense concerning a dead tree sink into sentimentalism about dead trees. If we let the dead tree stand, it is not for the death in it, but for the life it represents, for the life it still shelters, and, still more, for the life to which it may yet contribute. I have sadly misstated my thought if what I have said seems to be but a glorification of death. I have made poor use of my vacation if I have extracted from it only a brief in the interest of dead things. The dead tree wears around it a nimbus like the glory with which the old artists encircled the heads of their saints only when it is enshrined in life, only when we appeciate the beautiful construction that called it into being, the stalwart resistance that preserves it, and the higher economy that uses it. The glory of our dead tree lies in its oaken quality.

I should like to voice the message of the oak. While we are alive let us so build that, when dead, we may, at least, endure as long as an oak tree. What is the thing we call "character" but that quality of the tree or of the soul that renders it into timber, that makes it strong and solid, so that it will take polish, will bend instead of breaking, and lend itself to the uses of civiliza-

tion by assuming any one of the ten thousand forms that science and art have designed for it?

We go not in search of dead trees, but we go in search of trees that will be good for something when dead. We are here so to shape life that it may endure forever and aye. We are here to cultivate the open vision, to acquire the poise of mind, the sense of justice, that shall enable us to see beauty in what the world calls ugliness, harmony in things that appear grotesque, life in death.

By the Clancy bridge, near the foot of Tower Hill, there stands the tall stump of a battered tree, dead so long that it is crumbling into decay. It has reached that spongy condition between solidity and rottenness so very available to the woodpecker's chisel. It promised to be a first-class chance for a first-rate home for an enterprising woodpecker. He began his excavations. The work progressed rapidly. Everything bade fair for a happy bird home, but, lo! there was an unexpected element in the problem. The tree was close by a human highway. Morning, noon, and night, wagons and busy men passed over the bridge, rattling the planks; the boy

drove the cows to and from the pasture; little girls went that way to and from school; each passer-by interrupted the woodpecker in his work; until at last he was compelled to reckon with the new element in the problem. Although he had found the right kind of wood and the right kind of a place, he had missed the essential element of secrecy and safety; and our woodpecker left his job half done and sought another dead tree, wherein he might excavate for himself a better, because a safer, home.

Is it not time for us to reach the wisdom of the woodpecker, and have no use for dead trees except in so far as we can convert them into living homes, except in so far as they serve the live purpose of to-day, or fit into the needs of the future? We may use the dead tree that is favorably situated, that lends itself to our plans; but we cannot move the highways of the world, or turn aside the great turnpikes of progress. There are certain forces as inevitable in the life of man as was the road in the plans of the woodpecker; and when the inevitable comes in conflict with our petty plans and personal hopes, we had better move on and away.

Society does not need organizing so much as it needs reorganizing. We talk about the division

of labor and the distribution of products. But to-day the consecrated mind and heart of every social rank, in all the nations of the world, recognize the call for a reorganization of labor and a redistribution of the world's good on a more just plan. To this higher reincarnation of life, to the redistributions dictated by love, the readjustments of justice, we are to apply ourselves. How and when and what are the open questions which it is for us to consider. We may not agree in our answers, but we shall profit by the quest. No more have I answered the question which gave rise to this sermon: —

"*Shall we cut down the dead tree?*"

Over this question the household at Lake Ripley and the management of Tower Hill are still divided.

THE GOSPEL OF THE DESERT

PATMOS

All around him Patmos lies,
Who hath spirit-gifted eyes,
Who his happy sight can suit
To the great and the minute.
Doubt not but he holds in view
A new earth and heaven new;
Doubt not but his ear doth catch
Strains nor voice nor reed can match;
Many a silver, sphery note
Shall within his hearing float.

All around him Patmos lies,
Who unto God's priestess flies:
Thou, O Nature, bid him see,
Through all guises worn by thee,
A divine apocalypse.
Manifold his fellowships:
Now the rocks their archives ope;
Voiceless creatures tell their hope
In a language symbol-wrought;
Groves to him sigh out their thought;
Musings of the flower and grass
Through his quiet spirit pass.

'Twixt new earth and heaven new
He hath traced and holds the clew.
Number his delights ye may not;
Fleets the year, but these decay not.
Now the freshets of the rain,
Bounding on from hill to plain,
Show him earthly streams have rise
In the bosom of the skies.
Now he feels the morning thrill,
As upmounts, unseen and still,
Dew the wing of evening drops.
Now the frost, that meets and stops
Summer's feet in tender sward,
Greets him breathing heavenward.
Hieroglyphics writes the snow,
Through the silence falling slow;
Types of star and petalled bloom
A white missal-page illume.
By these floating symbols fine,
Heaven-truth shall he divine.

All around him Patmos lies,
Who hath spirit-gifted eyes;
He need not far remove,
He need not the times reprove,
Who would hold perpetual lease
Of an isle in seas of peace.

— Edith M. Thomas.

THE GOSPEL OF THE DESERT

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. . . . And the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water: in the habitations of jackals, where they lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness.

— ISAIAH XXXV. 1, 7, 8.

THE desert has been the terror land of humanity. It is inhospitable to all the senses. The imagination can scarcely reach its actual terrors. The most awful death conceivable is a slow death from thirst. The saddest tales connected with the adventures of the pioneer and the emigrant are those of desperate wanderings across the burning reaches of barren plain in search of water, with the grim agonies exaggerated by the pitiable delusion of the mirage, as if Nature took delight in mocking her suffering children.

"The Great American Desert" was formerly represented as stretching its thirsty length all the way from Mexico to Canada, forming, as was supposed, an impassable barrier, a permanent chasm,

that would keep forever apart the industrial life and civilization of the Pacific slope and that of the Mississippi Valley. Few dreamed in the "forties" that the far West would ever yield aught but the gold which adventurers might extract from the reluctant fissures of the Rockies, and the pelts which a semi-civilized contingency of herders might offer from the animals raised on the fenceless pasture-lands of a few remote valleys.

The great Daniel Webster predicted in the United States Senate that California could never become an agricultural state. "You will never grow an acre of corn there," he said, while advocating a policy that should secure possession of the wild and profitless country until its mines were exhausted and then allow it to lapse to its normal destiny, that of a feeding-ground for wandering herds and the dwelling-place of semi-civilized nomads representing the mixed blood of Indian and Mexican. All this on account of the inhospitable desert that lay between the great fertile stretches of the eastern and middle west sections of our country and the disconnected bits of fertility that lay beyond. The earlier writers on the desert exhausted their vocabularies in painting its horrors, borrowing

for the purpose all the vigorous and scorching rhetoric of the most lurid theology. It was the land whose burning sands and sulphurous atmosphere yielded no life save that of the unfriendly cacti, the poisonous tarantula, the dreaded "sidewinder," the most malignant form of rattlesnake, and the sliding lizards of fell suggestion.

Edward Everett Hale, ever prone to discover romantic interpretations of history, has advanced the popular theory of the origin of the word "California," a name used, he tells us, in some old sixteenth-century romance, to represent a land located near the gates of Paradise. The early Spanish explorers, acquainted with this fiction, applied the name to the beautiful country which now bears it. But a much more probable derivation is one which we seldom meet in the guidebooks and which no Californian can be expected to accept. This traces the source of the word "California" through the Spanish to two Latin roots meaning "hot" and "furnace," an appropriate name, as the earlier explorers must often have realized when they tried to traverse her death valleys, explore her alkali beds, and march across her salt deposits. Those old experiences are now forgotten, and California becomes a land

of flowers, a summer land, the territory near the gates of Paradise.

Something like this change is taking place in the minds of men toward the desert itself. It is growing in interest. It becomes a vast curiosity, a great university, wherein the thoughtful mind finds great lessons and marvellous suggestions. The railroad men try hard to arrange their time-tables so that their passenger trains may pass through those great stretches of desert country in the night, that the daylight may be available to the tourist for studying the more genial aspects of fertile fields, snowy mountains, rugged cañons, and heroic passes. But I, for one, cannot thank them for their pains, for the desert, so void of physical fertility, like the barren cone of Monadnock to Emerson, becomes to the thoughtful "pure use," from which it is easy

> "To glean and bind
> Sheaves of a celestial Ceres and the Muse."

Severities of weather and strain of nerve compelled me to seek renewal at a time when the hill slopes of Wisconsin were snow clad and its roadsides not available to horse and rider, and so I turned my face southward and westward, mak-

ing the Sante Fé route my road and the transcontinental train my carriage. There was no doubt as to the physical sanitation of such a trip. I knew beforehand the bronchial consolations and the cerebral restorations that awaited me; but beyond my expectation I found heart renewals and soul reinforcements. It is out of this personal experience that I bring some fragments of the gospel which the desert preaches.

The time was when the sea awakened only painful emotions in the heart of man. It was an ominous, relentless menace to life. To be cast upon its billows was a calamity most dire. The so-called classic ages of Greece and Rome would seem to have had a similar estimate of the mountains. Roman writers speak of the Alps as the inhospitable realm of demons, the home of fell goblins defiant and destructive. Its snowy fastnesses represented to them only the zone of perpetual death, the realm of eternal oblivion. But when man learned to sail the waves and scale the mountains, they began to teach him different lessons.

So it is with the desert. As one thunders along hour after hour, from sunrise to sunset and into sunrise again, through the vast and apparently measureless plains of New Mexico and Arizona,

there steals in upon the mind a sense of peace like unto that which the ocean and mountains bring. The desert preaches the gospel of immensity. It is good to be in the midst of a vastness that leaves out human greed. The fevered covetousness of the soul is allayed, and at last appalled into humility, in the presence of this great openness in which man apparently does not figure. One is glad to see something of which there is apparently plenty. It is cheering to find at last something that man does not want and cannot use, and something that even a warranty deed will scarcely hold, at least on a windy day. Oh, it is restful to bask the tired soul in the sunlight of even such plenty as floods the desert. It is good to feel that at last you have found a place where man, with his petty schemes and combines, his trading and his peddling, has no part.

Those great desert fields stretch out and out beyond the widest horizon of human vision, until the soul experiences such sensations as come to the mariner in mid-ocean, to the climber on his mountain peak, to the prophet in the solitude of a great new thought, to the spirit reaching up to take the hand of the angel of death as though it were the hand of a friend who would lead it out

of the hurting confines of flesh and time into the open spaces of eternity. It is good to get away from our house-buildings, our phrase-makings, our little spellings of the gospel as measured by the human mind, the prejudices of society, the anxious boundaries of sects, into the measureless life of the open field. Arizona contains over one hundred and thirteen thousand square miles and has but sixty thousand inhabitants, or about two inhabitants to a square mile. There is gospel comfort in the thought of the roominess out there, and it is good for us to get away in mind, as we may any day, into the Arizona valleys of God, where man is scarce and Nature abundant. This is why there is spiritual value in the study of geography and astronomy, simply on their mathematical sides. Get you gone into the solitudes with God! Bathe yourself in the immensity of space! Soothe your feverish spirit with the boundlessness of the Infinite God! You tired, fretful child of earth, go and be restored. You need not take the train to get away into such solitudes. Only give the imagination rope, set the mind free, travel out and up on thought's highway, and you will soon reach the calm that "passeth all understanding," you will be at rest in the immensities of Nature.

There is profound spiritual significance in the legends of the older books that sent Moses away from the tumultuous life of Egypt and hid him for forty years in the deserts of Midian; that carried Elijah into mountain gorges; that drove Jesus into the wilderness for forty days, there to undergo a test of strength. So the first lesson in this gospel of the desert is the lesson of quiet. It was in the silence of Patmos that John saw his visions. Take the train that goes through the desert by daylight, and the soul may learn this gospel lesson. The thirsty ground may prove to the spirit a "well of water springing up into eternal life."

But there is more than space in the desert. It requires little scientific knowledge to realize that in the heart of the desert one is permitted to look deep into the busy laboratory of Nature. Look for idleness or death anywhere but there. The mighty retorts of Nature are charged and countercharged in the desert with the great electric and chemic forces that disintegrate the rocks, that pulverize boulders, that chisel down mountain heights, slowly but surely converting them into soil and herbage. The open eye sees in those apparently deserted plains the yawning craters of

extinct volcanoes, miles of débris, the hardened and cracked lava that once came red-hot, sulphurous, volcanic, out of the breast of Mother Earth. Again, one sees great mountains of pulverized granite, broken slate, and drifting clouds of sandstone disintegrated by wind and weather, heat and rain, forces that are working now as they have ever worked, transferring and transforming mountains into plains, hills into valleys, barrenness into fertility.

Man may be discouraged over the situation out there, but Nature is not. Men write in their books about "stunted growth, meager flora," but Nature has wrought and is still working mightily in the stunted cedar, the heroic sage brush, the valiant yucca plant, and the prophetic cactus. They all represent splendid Nature forces, heroic growths, botanic marvels, poetic pioneers of the gospel of beauty. They are in the line of the forerunners summoned by the old prophet, which "prepare a highway in the desert," and make it "rejoice and blossom as the rose," causing the open-eyed to delight in the majesty of the desert as in the glory of Lebanon. In the desert man finds Nature busy at her work. We see there what once was here, and we see here in

the fertile fields of Illinois, and yonder in the calla gardens of California, what one day will be in Arizona. This fertility is the product of ancient deserts, and the desert's sterility is the abundance of future cycles on the way to blossom and harvest.

I wish I might go farther into the poetry of the desert, but it is revealed only by science, and to the men of science; it is not for me to expound in its fulness the gospel which the geologist finds in the desert. Nothing small or petty will answer here. The clock of history is the timekeeper of the ephemera, the creatures of a day. It will not suffice now. On the desert we must not measure time by generations, or centuries, or millenniums. The boundless reaches of millions upon millions of years are indicated in that alkali field which was once the bottom of some primeval lake, when perhaps the wallowing reptile, the long-necked progenitor of the crocodile, was the king of animal life on this globe.

We look up from these cactus beds to the snowy crest of "Old Baldy," and can safely reflect upon the time when this spot of space had an earth-footing away up there on Baldy's level, three thousand feet above us in the air.

Since then all that altitude has been slowly, gently, quietly chiselled out and carted away by the same mechanics and with the same transporting forces that are now at work; and we can look forward to the time when this spot of earth will be represented by a level two thousand feet lower than where we now stand, and all the intervening substance will have travelled onward and seaward, leaving us meanwhile on clover levels, where purling springs will wash the roots of noble oaks under whose shade other men, wiser and nobler than we, may pine for release from the besetting throngs of life, and long for another desert where they can be alone with God, communing not with time but with eternity, dwelling not with the spasmodic and flippant will of human beings, but with the infallible sweep of benignant Nature.

The grace of patience is taught us by the gospel of the desert. We get mad and drunk with our hurry. We lose heart when our little kitchen clocks fail to point to God's hour of high noon. It is good to go where science gives us large time relations as well as large space relations. Chicago, in its one hundred and eighty-four square miles, has a population of nearly eleven thousand to the mile, and the first thing we tell the stranger is

that it is only about seventy years old. Out there in New Mexico, with only two inhabitants to a square mile, who asks the age of that territory in terms of human experience and human organization? There the soul, if it thinks of time at all, thinks in terms of geology, measures it by the stratification of the granite.

The Colorado River, working quietly and steadily, just as it works now, has scooped out the Grand Cañon, two hundred and seventeen miles in length, with an average of five miles wide and six thousand feet deep. As you stand on the top of its upper lip, geologists will tell you that ten thousand feet of strata have been carried away by the erosion of water from above where you stand; that is to say, the river, that looks like a ribbon at the bottom of this great cañon, has dug its way down through sixteen thousand feet of rock. Of the rocks remaining, the rocks which the scientists can study in the bald cliff, twenty-two hundred and sixty feet is limestone of various kinds, all of which is the remains of organic life, the solidified boneyard of what was once teeming with billions of animal organisms. In addition to this there are eighteen hundred and sixty feet of sandstone rock made

by the slow deposit of the water, the hardening under pressure or chemical action of the wash of water; of this, five hundred and fifty feet is carboniferous, that is to say, it is interfused with vegetable matter. Below this there is one hundred and eighty feet of quartzite, where heat had great play, and now the river is chiselling away diligently at the archæan rocks, the fundamental backbone of this old globe. What human mind can form any adequate measure of the time element in all this? Surely, in the desert we stand consciously before the physical door of eternity.

"When I consider this, the work of Thy hand, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

Stupendous as are the reaches of these cosmic forces, long as are the chapters in this great geological romance of the world, the first of which are lost beyond the farthest reach of science, and the last of which are not yet written, still man is not left without a solid footing, even in the desert. Nowhere can you find more encouraging illustrations or more inspiring triumphs of human nature than here on the margin of the human territory, the picket line of human history, the outer works

of the citadel of civilization. Man has triumphed over the desert. No longer is it a thing of terror. Where once patient oxen lay down to die for want of water, and women laughed the maniac's laugh through parched thirst as they died with the wild delusion of the mirage burning in their brains, the traveller now rolls along in his sumptuous Pullman car, looking out, listlessly perhaps, upon what he may pronounce tiresome scenery; meanwhile sipping his iced lemonade, and stopping when need be to dine on lobster salad, oyster patties, and fish from the ocean, with ice-cream, angel food, cherry pie, and Rochefort cheese for dessert.

This safety and these luxuries man has fairly won in a hand-to-hand contest with Nature. He has fought his way, every inch of it, across the desert, and he has conquered. He has faced the mountain squarely; when he could not climb it he has gone around it, and when he could not go around it he has bored it and gone through. And he has won this triumph in the most honorable way, by the use of his most characteristic and significant power. He has won it, not by brawn, but by brain; not by direct assault, but by higher strategy. He has won, not by fighting Nature, but he

has fairly wormed himself into her confidences; he has prevailed upon her to reveal to him her secrets and lend a hand.

The story is told that when the Southern Pacific wished to carry its railroad track across the Tehachapi mountains, which bound one side of the Mojave desert, three of the most famous civil engineers obtainable grappled with the problem and decided that the pass was impregnable to railroads. And then a boy of twenty, fresh from school, took his surveying instruments and went out and showed his elders how it could be done. And it was done. Five times on the face of one mountain does the road double on its track. Once it dives into the peak through a tunnel, and comes out on the other side to double round on itself, once more crossing its own tunnel seventy-five feet above by a loop that is as graceful as it is heroic. And so it is all along the way. There are plenty of places where water is as inaccessible to the vestibuled trains as it was to the ox-team caravans; but the train, following the example of the camel, the patient "ship of the desert," carries its water along with it in its capacious stomach; or, rather, sends on ahead its special water stomach to fill the tanks and reservoirs along the line.

Over in California the "octopus" which all good citizens are trying to fight is the Southern Pacific railway system. This company is a great, aggressive, unscrupulous monoply, brooking no rivals, stopping for no obstacles. Discovering that everybody was opposed to it, I found myself swayed by the long habit of sympathizing with the party that is down. I asked everybody for a good word for it, for an account of some good thing that the Southern Pacific had accomplished. I found only a solitary instance, but one that is well worth repeating. I am told that all its freight trains passing through the great desert stretches of the southern route into Texas, carry three extra water cars, and that the train men are ordered to stop at a signal of distress from any traveller or travellers and provide them with water. What a refreshing oasis in the desert of speculation and monopoly is this bit of human providence projected into the hard circumstances of reluctant Nature. The thought of a thirsty squaw stopping a thundering railroad train run in the interests of a great and crushing corporation, to get a cup of cold water for her choking pappoose, drives out of the mind for a while the sweeping conclusion that corporations have no souls.

But this is not the greatest thing that can be said for the great railroad monopoly. Its triumphant contribution to California, to the United States, and to the world, has been itself, — its two thousand miles of road reaching from New Orleans to San Francisco across deserts and over mountains. After a while, God, working through good men, will sift out the knaves, will eliminate the rascality, will ameliorate the selfishness in the company, and compel the "wrath of men to praise him," to use the great phrase of the psalmist. And the great triumph will remain. This splendid "highway in the desert" will continue, causing it indeed to "blossom as a rose," making "the lame to leap," "giving the dumb a tongue," making "streams of water break forth in the desert."

The battle of man with the desert has passed the critical point. Man is surely on the winning side. The Californians need no longer be ashamed of the true derivation of the word "California," because what once was a "heated furnace," a veritable hell with its death valleys, has become the "gate of Paradise," the land of roses, largely, and in many cases wholly, through human intervention. Nature made a start in that direction.

She had been working through untold millions of years for that end. But Nature is compelled to go slowly. Human nature took hold and helped, and things were hurried along amazingly. A century of man has anticipated for the desert millenniums of Nature.

Sometime in the "forties," a lieutenant of the regular army was sent with a small squad of soldiers to take possession of San Diego, California. He reported it in most forlorn terms, as being untillable and uninhabitable to all but Indians and the type of Mexican known as "Greasers." Lieutenant Derby, who had been exiled there by Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, for some irreverent wit, caricatured the place as one that "ought to be called Sandy Ague, inhabited chiefly by fleas, horned toads, and rattlesnakes." In that very spot is now located the great Coronado Hotel, made famous by the gracious compliments of William Dean Howells, who pronounces it the sanitarium of the continent, the elysian land; and so it is, and it is man that has wrought the transformation. The great orange groves of California, all the glorious avenues of fruit trees, the almost measureless orchard ranches of Riverside, Pomona, San Ber-

nardino, and Pasadena, have been created, not by God, but by man. God had levelled the mountains into plains, but they were arid yet; the springs were in the mountains; the moisture was miles away on the snowy crest of the Sierras. Man said, "Wait a bit, and I will take this snow off the mountains and put it on the plains;" and, lo! the oranges, the roses, hedges of heliotrope, and fences of calla lilies sprang up, and the chaparral bush and the cactus gave way to the palm, the vine, and the fig tree. God gives the farmer rain occasionally, fitfully, and, from the standpoint of the agriculturalist, oftentimes inconsiderately; now it is overdone and then it is long overdue. But man gives the farmer irrigation which brings him water just where he wants it, and when he wants it, so that agriculture becomes almost as exact a science as chemistry. The intelligent tiller of the soil has the elements at hand. He delicately compounds them, and the result justifies California's boasting.

There are, roughly speaking, a million and a half acres of land irrigated in California and the adjoining territory of Arizona, giving employment and sustenance to immense multitudes, supplying the world with delicacies. For where the

railroad fails to carry the California fruit in its natural condition, man's ingenuity cans it and sends it around the globe. The canned fruit of California goes everywhere, from Sitka to the Cape of Good Hope. It is found on the table of the Maine Yankee and that of the Hawaiian planter. The thing that changed "Sandy Ague" into the San Diego, the St. James hospital for thousands of weak-lunged children of America, is the Sweetwater dam, the largest of its kind ever constructed, covering seven hundred acres, and, with its reservoir, holding six billion gallons of water for paradise-making. Why should we not use Bible language? Those old irrigators of Palestine knew what they were talking about, and I think Isaiah had some *things* in his mind, not merely some *fancies* in his heart, when he said, "For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert; and the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water; in the habitation of jackals shall be grass with reeds and rushes." Ay, let us finish the quotation: "And this shall be called the way of holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it; no lion shall be there or any ravenous beast, but the redeemed shall walk there; the

ransomed of the Lord shall come with singing into Zion. They shall attain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." This has probably become history. The old prophet was for "internal improvements." He believed in better highways; he was an advocate of irrigation; he was an agriculturalist, perhaps a horticulturist; he thought the way to improve men was to teach them to make gardens, to till the soil, to settle down and make homes; his kingdom of the Lord was the kingdom of good fruit and good tillage.

The Kern County Land Company of California has about a hundred thousand acres under cultivation, with three hundred miles of main canal and eleven hundred miles of lateral tubing for irrigation. In that neighborhood the farmers told me that when they began their irrigation they had to sink wells a hundred feet to find water. Now anywhere on the same farms they strike water at a depth of forty feet or less. They are raising the water line, filling up the country with moisture, bringing fertility to the surface, ushering in the kingdom of God by underground drainage. What a splendid suggestion! How hope-inspiring it is. Every foot of this irrigated ground

was once forbidding desert. Every day reduces the desert territory of America.

Any just study of the desert gives us this triumphant gospel, that even the fell forces of Nature are on their way to bless man. The desert, also, is God's country. Not even the alkali beds or cactus gardens are longer given over to the devil. Let us drive him out, as the pioneer farmer of the desert did, and make friends with God, common cause with Nature. Let us form the holy alliance that will cause our "desert to blossom like the rose."

Having found modesty in the first phrases of this gospel of the desert, we now can use wisely and safely the splendid inspirations of the desert, that teach us to believe mightily in the human investment.

I have tried to localize, materialize if you please, the poetry of the old book, to make science out of the prophecy of Isaiah, a process which I deem not only legitimate but altogether desirable, yielding results wholesome and quickening. Let us now try to do the equally legitimate thing, and translate into terms of the spirit the facts of science, apply the experiences of the desert to the problems of the soul, change the

husbandry of the California gardener into its equivalent, the husbandry of him who would till the fields of the spirit.

Oh, the desert wastes of humanity! Oh, the arid hearts of men and women! Oh, the alkali beds in society! How suffocating, how pestilential they are! But shall we despair of them? Shall we miss the vision that proves them to be not the débris of a lost glory, but unprepared and unfinished material on its way to valley glories? Surely there is as much hope for the poorest human soul that ever tried to lift its ungainly form in the wind-swept desert of selfishness as there is for the stunted sage bush, the tattered yucca plant, or the ungainly cactus of the desert. Unsymmetrical souls, like the poor pinched plants of the desert, are not failures, but prophecies, not ruins, but beginnings. They mean, not past disaster, but foundations for future beauty. The thing to do with the one, as with the other, is to work away, believing in them, hoping for them, trusting in them, putting in canals for irrigation.

On the mountain yonder is the spotless snow, yielding every moment to the seductive rays of the sun, which convert its beauty into utility. In the heart of that mountain lie measureless floods.

Every now and then life-giving water, the holy water of God, breaks forth in purling streams and rippling brooks. Somewhere and sometime the want of the plains and the supply of the mountains will be brought together. Somewhere and sometime the connection between the parched tongue and the cooling drop will be made. The distance is great, but it is not hopeless. We should not be discouraged. Man can hasten the process. Oh, let us apply ourselves to the problems of spiritual irrigation. Let us help along the holy seepage of kindly influences, of benignant deeds. By right living we can raise the water level until it comes within the reach of the poor and the weak.

Away out in western Kansas I saw the sun setting at a time and place which made a glorious picture. It would have delighted him who could wield the brush, but it had still deeper inspirations for one who believes in the possibilities of the desert places of human nature. The town was called Garden City. Its approaches were dry and dusty enough, brown and arid reaches on every hand; but the little town bloomed in a most picturesque way. It would seem as if nearly every home had its windmill, and the gay

fans on high were merrily pumping into the reservoirs near at hand. They lifted from below the water which the garden-makers were guiding at their will among the onion sprouts and cabbage plants. Just there, at least, they were within reach of the water line; they had hitched the winds to the subterranean river, and the river was coming to the surface. It was Nature above and Nature below, with human nature between making the connections; wind and tide combining with man's hand to make watermelons, corn, potatoes, and pansies.

Let us not lose the symbol or figure, — the winds of heaven above, the waters of God beneath, thirsty souls between. Let us make the connection and water the seeds of good in the hearts of men. Let us use the windmill; let us have our dikes and reservoirs. Let us economize the energies of the soul, save the plenty of to-day for the dearth of to-morrow. This is the mission of the church, the work of the pulpit. This shows the need of that working church, busy seven days in the week and all the waking hours in the day, making for the irrigation of the desert land, for the watering of parched ground.

We can push our metaphor further. Some-

time, when we are wise enough, and when people are noble and great enough, we shall not only succeed in making a "Garden City" by the use of local wells for local needs, but we can lay the great canals that shall carry the water of life to points far away; ay, if canals are not available, we can construct railroads and send out water trains, charging the management always to have on hand a supply for special cases, and giving orders to stop wherever the signal of distress is shown.

Oh, there is hope for the desert places of man, there is work to do in the spiritual fields, there is an opportunity for great irrigation schemes in the spiritual world of to-day. Let us study the situation in the same scientific spirit as the railroad builders did theirs. Let us approach it in the same wise, determined, quiet, resolute way in which the engineers of the great irrigation schemes approached their problem. The case is not so desperate as the pathfinders of the "forties" thought. There is a story of a whole party perishing from thirst in what is called "The Death Valley" in southern California, and the rescuing party that went in search of them found the bleaching bones of men, women, children, and

oxen within half a mile of a delicious spring of water. There is another story of a rescuing party on the western plains of Texas who, digging graves for men who had died from thirst, struck water with their spades. So near was the bounty of God, and yet so far was the intelligence or the power of man.

Having first found rest in the desert, let us rise to its still more splendid inspirations. There are plenty of people who call themselves religious that will smile at our impractical dreams of a church as a congress of free souls, a fraternity of religion based wholly "on the law and life of love," unhampered by doctrine, unrimmed by dogma or by sect imposed as a condition of fellowship, or a uniform measure of worth. Let the desert teach to such the possibility of the "impossible," the availability of what the short-ranged scepticism of man, taking counsel of his ignorance and the distrust that rests thereon, pronounces unavailable. When a boy, I read in a published diary of John C. Fremont something like this: "We are camped to-night in the vicinity of Fort Kearney on the eastern edge of the Great American Desert, whereon only wandering herds of cattle can ever find a precarious subsistence." About

twenty-five years ago, perhaps less than twenty years after John C. Fremont's prophecy, I passed through Fort Kearney, Nebraska. It was county fair day. The town was in gala day dress, the streets were full of high-bred cattle, monstrous calves, big pumpkins, matchless beets, unrivalled corn, and enthusiastic men and women. Now if anybody hunts for the Great American Desert in Nebraska, the inhabitants resent the insinuation and say it is farther on.

I would like to make sober, scientific, and religious the somewhat irreverent joke generally ascribed to Horace Greeley. When an enthusiast pioneer, urging the value of those arid lands, waxed eloquent, and said, "Why, sir, all this country needs is a little more water and a few good people to make it the best country in the world," the sage of the *New York Tribune* replied, "Those are the only things that hell needs to make it a desirable place." Exactly; and hell will be supplied in due time with those very things. Physically and spiritually speaking, the terror places of the world are to be irrigated; the severities and the cruelties of life are to be ameliorated; water will be turned on the arid fields of soul; and kindliness, intelligence, and moral earnestness

will reclaim the waste places, elevate the degenerate, and restore the lost.

Let us put no mean limit on the future. Let us take into our hearts the blessed gospel of the desert, which is the gospel of humility, of patience, of boundless hope, and measureless endeavor. Let us beware of the impiety of pronouncing anything impure, unclean, or impossible. He who puts his finite hand into the hand of the infinite Father of the universe, makes common cause with the potencies of Nature, which are the potencies of God. To refuse to struggle, even in the face of what seems hopeless odds, is impiety, to call anything impossible is irreverence.

WATER

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it,
Thou greatly enrichest it;
The river of God is full of water:
Thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared the earth.
Thou waterest her furrows abundantly;
Thou settlest the ridges thereof:
Thou makest it soft with showers;
Thou blessest the springing thereof.
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness.
They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:
And the hills are girded with joy.
The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys also are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing.

— Psalm lxv. 9–13.

WATER

AN ANTE-VACATION SERMON

Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again : But whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst. — JOHN iv. 13, 14.

THE season for vacation draws apace. The months in which Nature is most busy, if indeed there are any degrees in her ceaseless activities, are being set aside more and more for rest and recreation. School-houses will soon be locked, the children will have long play-days, teachers will unwind the tension keys and sink into inactivity, the lawyer will try to neglect his brief and the business man his trade, and sleep, rather than sermons, will be the end and aim of the minister. In all this the rush will be for the water. The ocean beach, a lake, a bay, a river, or at least a bubbling spring, is a vacation necessity. Wherever it is found, let it be remembered that water has other uses than boating, bathing, and fishing. Even the most successful fishing is that done without rod or line, the fishing that leaves the

fish in his beauty and his joy. Emerson saw the universe orbed in a dewdrop. Life is ever reflected in water, and there is that in water which ought to awaken the poet in every soul. Water in a crystal vase, water in which the laughing babe splashes, water in the old oaken bucket or in the quiet river, in the yeasty foam of old ocean or in the humble blessedness of the rain, is always beautiful, always spiritual; its symbolism is always of heaven. Cleared of its superstition and its formalism, baptism is one of the most beautiful, persistent, universal, and fitting symbols of religion.

Alas for those who rush to the waterside and leave their heads at home. Still sadder is it when they leave their hearts behind them, and, finding the water, find in it nothing that refreshes consciences or renews the spirit. It is to avoid such a calamity for myself that I go in search of the sermon of water.

In the American Art Gallery in New York City many years ago, I saw a picture by J. D. Woodward which impressed me much. It was called "After the Rain." It was a large canvas, showing a long stretch of country road with ragged grass-land on either side, the ditches full

of water, the trees dripping, the sky full of fleecy clouds. A barefoot boy with pants rolled up to his knees paddles through the water as he drives home his cattle, which evidently prefer to stand knee-deep in the water while they crop a few more mouthfuls of the moistened grass. The picture was so full of water that the whole landscape seemed wet. The effect was a restful sense of fulness and abundance of life, coupled with that of transcendent cleanliness. The barefoot boy breathed the air of heaven, and the very cows nibbled ambrosia. What I saw in this picture we have all seen and felt in the wealth of water that follows a splendid shower. How it purifies the air, washes clean the sidewalks, flushes the sewers, and brings relaxation of nerve to human kind as well as new green to the grass and fresh beauty to the foliage.

The picture and the shower have set me musing on the symbolism of water, and the suggestive analogies it carries to the student of spirit. The Bible is full of water. Rivers, fountains, wells, and oceans saturate the poetic pages of the Old Testament because they were written in a parched land, by a thirsty people. In Job, it is God's providence that "giveth rain and with-

holdeth water"; in the psalms the beatific life is led beside the still waters, and a good man is "like a tree planted by the river of waters"; in Proverbs, the words of wisdom are as "deep waters," as "cold water to a thirsty soul," and, in my text, Jesus compares his message to a well of water that forever satisfieth the thirsty soul. Indeed, water runs through all poetry. "The fretting waters" moisten the pages of Shakespeare. In Wordsworth's Yarrow poems, gentle Cowper's wooing of the Ouze, and Tennyson's rippling song of the brook, we may realize how, to the thoughtful, there are ever "books in the running brooks."

To the old Bible makers of every race, the wind was the best symbol of the soul. The spirit was the breath, the breeze; but had they known what modern scientists know, they might, with scarcely less fitness, have borrowed from water the name of that mysterious something that lies back of all forms, deeds, experiences, and life. Water is the diffusive element that permeates everything. Two-thirds of the earth's surface is water; without it this world would crumble into a cloud of dust. The rivers return annually to the parent ocean sufficient

water to cover the entire surface of the globe with a flood three feet deep. We are told that three-fourths of our own bodies is pure water, and were any of us thoroughly dried out we should shrivel to the dimensions of a Tom Thumb. The air we breathe is full of water, the morning dew is the dropping of the invisible water that is ever about us. A piece of chalk can hold a bulk of water equal in size to half itself without showing moisture, and the best building sandstone contains four or five pints of water to a cubic foot. Are not these facts symbolic of the water that springeth up into everlasting life, falling like dew on arid lives and penetrating stoniest hearts, — of that great love-sea which encircles the immaterial world and irrigates the continents of thought?

No life can be so selfish but it contains some particles of the moisture of affection. Through the granite cells of distrust and hatred percolate the subtle drops of the infinite love, the water of life. Its dews keep green what otherwise would be the sterile hill slopes and the parched meadow-lands of domestic and national life. Love goes coursing in great currents everywhere, filling the smallest chambers of the spiritual universe. Withdraw it

anywhere and life shrinks, exhaust it anywhere and life becomes impossible. Every reduction of love devitalizes the soul. So, under whatever pretense of creed, prudence, or conventionality, we reduce the quantity of love in the world, or check its normal flow, we reduce the life of the world.

Water is many-formed; it is indeed the Proteus with his hundred disguises, the "son of the sea," of the Greek legend. Now it is the gentle dew, and again it is the rushing rain, here a babbling brook

> "Prattling the primrose fancies of a boy,"

or the brook is allowed to sing its own story as in Tennyson: —

> "I chatter over stony ways,
> In little sharps and trebles,
> I bubble into eddying bays,
> I babble on the pebbles.
>
> "I chatter, chatter, as I flow
> To join the brimming river,
> For men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever."

The thundering cataract; the invisible steam in the cylinder; the fleecy banner streaming from

the smoke-stack; the cloudy navies that sail the upper air; the star-rayed snow crystal; the mimic spire, the icicle; the thrilling avalanche; the ice-mountain bearing down upon the anxious mariner, the mystic glacier from whose icy heart a Tyndall wrings one more of the secrets of creation, — are all forms of that element the name of which we spell with five letters, and pronounce "water."

Can we not fit all this to the water of life? In all these varying forms the substance is still the same. So the heavenly grace that springeth up into everlasting life is ever the same in substance, though never alike in form. Now it comes rippling and purling in brooks of domestic love, its dewdrops falling in fireside kisses; now it is a stately river of practical reform, softening and filling the hard clay banks of daily necessity through which it flows, a Mississippi River of American independence, or the Niagara of a French Revolution. Now it is the clouds floating above our head, big with showers of grace that are to be, and again it is the frozen river of dogma, the ominous iceberg of a creed, the majestic glacier of necessity. No two springs reach the ocean by exactly the same route, or

find the surface in the same wave. The fountain springs of earth are known by many names, as Excelsior, Hathorn, Kissingen, or Bethesda, but the parched invalid cares little for names; his prayer is for health, his cry is for water. Just so with the wells from which flow the healing waters of the spirit. Men label them Mohammedan, Buddhistic, Jewish, or Christian, and each well has its partisans and martial defenders, but to the sin-stained and heart-faint pilgrim it is not a question of names, but of water. The cry of the peasant of Samaria is the cry of the universal heart: "Lord, give me this water that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw."

By a slight change of figure we can push the analogy still further. If you will catch some snowflakes on a winter morning upon a piece of black cloth, you will find that they are all six-rayed stars, elaborated with an infinite variety of details. So fall the crystals of truth upon the cloth of human reason, all star-rayed according to the eternal laws of justice and love, yet no two alike. He who learns this lesson well will cease to quarrel about forms as about words. It is not now a question whether the crystal has the Unitarian, Universalist, Presbyterian, or Catholic

detail, but whether it is crystal at all. Is it six-pointed? Is it shaped by the eternal law of Nature? Or is it clumsily framed from without, as the pioneer hacks the corners of his log house into shape? Lowell touched the source as well as the poetry of the matter when he sang: —

> "As into these vessels the water I pour,
> There shall one hold less, another more,
> And the water unchanged, in every case,
> Shall put on the figure of a vase:
> O thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,
> Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?"

Water is the universal solvent. Pure water is quite beyond the reach of man. The clearest spring-water will gossip to you about the road it has travelled over. It brings a sample from the iron or sulphur beds through which it has forced its way. It is influenced by the alkali sand through which it has been filtered. It is tinted by the clay banks through which it has flowed. We talk of "mineral water," but all waters are charged with mineral substances; it is only a question of more or less. The oceans of the world hold salts enough in solution to spread a layer over Europe a mile deep. The sun is the great distiller; it leaves the mineral matter behind

when it pumps the water into the air, but even the sun cannot give us pure water, for, by the time it reaches us again, it is charged with air and ammonia. Chicago has carried her crib four miles out into the lake in order to get pure water, but even if it were pure at the starting, it would not be so by the time it reached our houses. The water at the faucet is quite different from that which started at the crib. It has chipped away at the iron walls of the pipes, it has eaten lead, and it has gnawed the brass faucets. Under sufficient pressure, distilled water will destroy the glass dish that holds it, as the acid does the copper and zinc in the battery. The most skilful process of distillation leaves traces of foreign substances in the water.

If our purest springs are inevitably burdened with the taint of surrounding earth, if the rains are charged with the gases of the lower air, why should we be surprised that the fountains of love yield so much sediment, that the water of life needs filtering so often? The Hebrew word for inspiration finds its root not in air, but in water. It suggests the bubbling spring, the boiling fountain. How inevitable that this fountain of truth and love should give hints of the finite minds

through which it has passed. To ignore this analogy is the beginning of bigotry and the root of all superstition. The Mississippi River is made up of water plus the lime and clay it has taken from the bed over which it runs. So the grand old river of Vedic thought is the living truth plus the lime taken out of Hindoo experience, which it holds in solution. The bible of China is truth charged with Chinese ingredients. Confucius is a chalybeate spring of the spirit, a spring of living waters, holding in solution the iron of conservatism.

What is the inspiration of the Hebrews? What heavenly rain has passed through the Judaic atmosphere? He who declares that the living water from the great soul of Jesus has in it no foreign ingredients, no deposit belonging to the age, race, climate, and surroundings to which it belonged, refuses to apply the methods of analysis and distillation well known and well established by the students of to-day. Shall we on that account refuse to drink from the impregnated fountain? This would be as foolish as to suffer thirst with a cistern full of water close by. Shall I refuse to dip from the Bethesda spring because it contains traces of Judean minerals?

Let the practical necessities of a hot summer day reply. Indeed, the scientist helps us out of this dilemma, for he readily shows that impregnated water is best for human use, and that distilled water would be a difficult and dangerous element in the kitchen. It boils at a lower temperature and is in danger of bursting violently into steam. Water emptied of all mineral substances would be so voracious a solvent that it would speedily fill itself with the first poison it met. Water filled with the comparatively innocent clays and minerals can be conducted with impunity through leaden pipes, but free from such deposits it would hastily burden itself with more deadly stuff.

Nature has her sure checks. She sets her governor on all radicalism, and we find here a wonderful hint of the self-protecting and conservative side of Providence. But let us not push this analogy too far. For mind as for body, we should seek as pure water as possible, for the purest will have sediment enough to make it safe. The clear water which Jesus offered the Samaritan woman had to be conducted through Roman pipes and Grecian conduits before it could be stored in Christian reservoirs for modern uses. Of course it soon became burdened with the coarse clay of

the one and the sulphurous extracts of the other. The water of democracy that filtered through the rocks of despotism in the last century was so far distilled that it became explosive, and the result was the French Revolution and the communistic violence that extends even down to our day.

Socrates, crowded and overborne in the noisy streets of Athens, presents an heroic but pathetic spectacle. Buddha, meditating in gloomy caves, is a picture of loneliness, but Jesus, sitting upon the rocks that girt the sea of Galilee, is a picture of infinite sunshine and sublimity. There was room for a soul to reach upward as well as outward, there was communion with God through the rippling waves. There was intimacy with Nature such as fills the heart with a yearning for human nature. The old masters tried to paint Jesus under nearly all possible circumstances, but it was left to a modern master, Verestchagin, to show us the prophet of the Golden Rule sitting in profound meditation upon the lonely but beautiful shore of Galilee. The old artists painted him as walking upon the water, but this artist has given us the deep blue waters deepening the serenity of the soul that was conscious of its divine paternity, contributing to that peace of spirit that drove

bigotry out of the minds and selfishness out of the hearts, and brought quiet to disturbed spirits throughout the centuries to follow.

There is still ministering power in the lake. Its waters sober the inebriate, wash clean the imagination of the impure, break down the niggardly barriers of miserly souls, and win them to the generosity and hospitality that are allied to the affluence of God.

Emerson charges the student of divinity with sometimes trying to whitewash the rough, wild elements in Providence. I would not make this mistake. I know that not all water-pictures are beautiful. Some of the coarsest characters that Dickens has given us must be classed with "Rogue Riderhood" as "waterside characters." Quilp and Bill Sykes haunted the Thames. The London bridge in our imagination has been burdened with sighs ever since Hood showed us

> "One more unfortunate
> Weary of breath,
> * * * *
> Dreadfully staring,
> Through muddy impurity,
> As when with the daring
> Last look of despairing
> Fix'd on futurity."

I do not forget that the great poet has showed how,

> "Her garments heavy with their drink
> Pulled poor Ophelia from her melodious lay
> To muddy death,"

or that George Eliot sent the noble Deronda to intercept the spotless Mirah ere she buried "a sorrow's crown of sorrows" under the turbulent tide.

But water would be a poor symbol of life did it not yield such pictures as these, for life has its haunts of the low and the coarse. Society has what Dickens calls its "river rats." Life, like the Thames, does roll in turbid torrents through ghastly ruins and dreadful vice. But for this dark thought science offers a helpful analogy. Water is water everywhere. The Thames under London bridge is the same river that flows through the classic shades of Oxford. Give it but a few miles of clear bank, let it roll for a short distance over a pebbly bed, and again the water is clear, limpid, beautiful. The river gathers up the filth and garbage of the city until it becomes fetid and loathsome, but a dozen miles beyond it is again clear and pure. Filth is always foreign substance, and Nature is never

at a loss to know what to do with it. She filters it through gravel beds, strains it through cloud sieves, plants her rivers with water-cresses and lilies, and peoples her deeps with a thousand forms of animal life, revelling in a beauty of their own, and all for the purpose of purifying her waters. Nature turns her deeps into freshness, and so simple are her methods that men may easily copy them. The man of the filter at the agricultural fairs pours the strained water of the gutter into the top of his apparatus, and, without hesitation, draws out at the bottom the clear water, which one may drink with impunity.

In life, as in water, there are elements that are incorruptible and indestructible. Let us, then, lend a hand in the clarification of life's fetid and turbid tide. Let the stagnant pool be agitated, let the winds of shame and the tempests of disgrace beat it into life. Let us plant the seed that will appropriate the foreign sediment and organize it into lilies. Let our methods be at least as heroic as Nature's. Agitation, activity, outgoing, outputting, alone will keep the waters of life pure. The particles must be kept in motion. The life that is suppressed becomes impure. Life, like water, may hold in solution

a thousand substances; but, through all its restless motion, it is permanent and changeless. Rocks crumble into sand, mountains are carried into the valleys, but the sea remains. So forms, dogmas, and institutions may change, but the sea of life ever rolls in great tides toward the heavenly attractions.

May then the picture "After the Rain," or, better still, the rain itself, lead us to think more lovingly and naturally of that well of water that "springeth up into everlasting life," the water that enables us to lay hold of duty, and to plant our feet upon the rock of eternal patience.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

THE RHODORA

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

— Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

Thou hast visited me in the night. — Ps. xvii. 3.

As the last lingering rays of the departing day were pencilling with beauty the western horizon, and the great Mother Nature was snugly tucking in the darkness around all objects, as maternal anxiety in human households tucks the blanket around the sleepy children, I was walking, trying to pump some of the blood out of a surcharged brain into the too indolent limbs. It was a Sunday evening, many years ago. How well I remember it!

It was a time of extreme fatigue and mental unrest. My steps were as heavy as my thoughts were dull; the heartstrings were a little out of tune. This, perhaps, was an inevitable condition consequent upon a disturbed physical equilibrium. A tired soldier is always half a coward. An empty stomach breeds scepticism, and a weary brain prepares the way to distrust of past efforts, a dissatisfaction with present attainment, and an unprophetic estimate of future possibilities. In this

condition, unfit for companionship, unwholesome for society, I plodded along, stolidly waiting for the refreshing shower and the quickening warmth that I knew would visit my spirit garden when, in the order of divine nursing, it was ready to receive them, although now it seemed so parched and drear.

My trust was not ill-founded. Suddenly I heard behind me the rapid fall of youthful feet, and, turning around, I was greeted by one of my boys, who exclaimed, with a voice full of heartiness, and eyes dancing with enthusiasm: —

"Oh, Mr. Jones! Mamma thinks her night-blooming cereus is going to bloom to-night. Don't you want to come and see it? she says."

"Certainly," I replied promptly; "when it is dark enough, I'll come around."

The spirit of the boy had already cured me of whatever attack of moral dyspepsia I was suffering from. I had never seen this mystic plant in bloom, and I anticipated a large measure of joy and surprise. In due time I presented myself to this most exquisite and most modest of the floral sisterhood. I was prepared to compliment, but I stood in its presence silent. A fragrance filled the room like some incense offered by vestal vir-

gin of ancient days. The long, graceful petals of matchless white formed a deep cup, such as, in the days of fantastic imagination, a wood-nymph might have used for a drinking-cup, or a fairy for a canopy under which to hold her levee. To the modern imagination, curbed by our more scientific tendencies, it might suggest a silver bell with a golden clapper. But all the hardness and coldness of the silver had been refined out of it, leaving only the whiteness and the purity, with an elasticity greater than that of wax; and the golden hammer had disintegrated into a sheaf of delicate fibres, a skein of silken threads, with the color of the gold so softened that there was left but the spirit of the yellow in the marvellous stamens. The plant itself seemed big with beauty. It was tremulous with an inner glory, of which this one blossom was apocalyptic.

The next night I went again, hoping for further revelations; and in place of the one fair maiden who had vanished with the night, seven regal sisters hung upon the vine-like arms of the plant, each as beautiful as the first, magnificent specimens of a magnificent flower. The little town was aroused by the passing glory. Men hurried from their counting and forgot their figures.

Women dropped their baking and their sewing. They came in idle curiosity, but they stayed to offer their tribute of praise at a shrine whereon a hidden potency was disclosing itself in startling radiance. They approached with a merry flippancy, but their voices were suddenly subdued, touched by the awe that reaches the minor keys which alone are competent to express the holier moods of the soul.

I have stood in the presence of beautiful brides draped in spotless robes, ready for nuptial vows, and have noted how such loveliness awed into silence an hilarious company; but never have I witnessed an assemblage so impressed with the thought that silence was a more intelligible language than speech, as in this case, where Nature had hung an explosive beauty upon the ungainly stem of a cactus. Romping girls and rollicking boys tiptoed their way to the flowers, peered into their depths, inhaled their fragrance, reluctantly turned away, and turned again to take a last look, as friends take leave of dear ones before consigning the casket, as perishable and more beautiful than this, to that narrow house of clay that is ever more to be overarched by so large a dome of remembrance.

I have never escaped from the fair visitation of that night. It has followed me into the glare of the sunlight, filled with cares and hurries. It has often blinded me to the obtrusive realities of a heedless world. It has often haunted my thought-chambers like the outlines of a beautiful dream. It has captured my study hours, directed my reading, and often filled my soul with its fragrant aroma. It has awakened in my brain such fertile hints and half-thoughts as I dared not brush rudely away, and I am thus compelled to confess with the psalmist, "O Lord, thou hast visited me in the night."

Could I tell the story of this flower, its life in its native home, its curious habits and heroic relations, it would preach its own sermon, and any added words of mine would be an intrusion.

Our night-bloomer belongs to the cactus family, which fascinated Von Humboldt in his South American travels. He has given us curious facts enough to justify his opinion that "nothing less than years of study and observation would enable one to write a monograph upon this family." Linnæus mentioned twelve species; the "Encyclopedia Americana," published nearly seventy years ago, counted twenty-eight species; while the

latest Britannica mentions nearly a thousand, and confesses the list is very incomplete. Humboldt confidently asserts that this family is as peculiar to America as the heath is to Europe, but travellers since his day have discovered the rhipsalis, or chain cactus, in Central Africa, while the opuntia, or prickly-pear, grows wild by the roadside between Rome and Naples, and has taken possession of some of the barren sections of Scotland. Yet it is true that to America belongs the fullest glory and highest quaintness of this mystic family. Its representatives are found reaching from the sand prairies of Wisconsin and the shores of Lake Michigan, up to the very snows of the Andes. The plant assumes a thousand ungainly shapes, and every individual specimen may be expected to develop some fresh freak in the form, color, and fragrance of flower, fruit, or stem.

Among the near relatives of our night-blooming cereus may be mentioned the prickly-pear, that humbly lays its flabby lengths over our northern sand-banks, the great torch cactus, lifting apparently naked poles sometimes fifty or sixty feet high in the wastes of Arizona and New Mexico, the weird "old man cactus" with its crown of hoary hair, the coral-stemmed, the for-

bidding hedgehog, and the corpulent melon cactus of Central and South America. Humboldt found in South America cactus thickets that were impenetrable to men or beasts. The species called "the savage cactus" has spines vigorous enough to lame the wild ass that incautiously steps upon it. Some of these varieties grow to immense size as well as to an almost incredible height. In 1848 the "Monster Cactus" was successfully transferred from the rocky sides of the Sierra Madre Mountains to the Kew botanical gardens in London. It weighed a ton. The story of its transference is one of the many fascinating chapters in the history of science, showing devotion, skill, and loyalty.

Let us look at a cactus field through the eyes of a Central American traveller: —

"Here they stud the ground, spherical, spinnated, warning man and beast against incautious tread; yet radiating from their grooved sides flowers and fruit of delicate ruby, in shape and color like glasses of tenderest crystal overflowing with ruddy wine of Burgundy. There they rise in tall, fluted columns, appearing in exaggerated twilight like the ruins of ancient temples. Still beyond we see them articulated and jointed, their broad succulent palms silvered with the silky habiliments of the scarlet cochineal as if in opposition to the sun,

and yet again, lavish of contesting forms, they trail like serpents over the ground, and twine themselves in knotty coils around the trunks of others, and among the crevices of barren rocks."

The cacti are brave pioneers in the vegetable world. They are called upon to face scorching droughts above and barren sand or naked rock below. With one or two exceptions, they are plants without leaves, for leaves would be all too prodigal of the scant moisture which they receive only in occasional showers, and which they must conserve through long seasons of drought. Hence the green bark must carry on the work of assimilation and elaboration which in more favored plants is performed by leaves. Even the bark is scarcely more than a leathery rind, furnished with few pores lest the blistering sun pump the fountains of its life too rapidly, and the plant choke to death. In the rainy season this plant exerts all its clumsy energy, fills its great canteens with water, makes a hurried push toward maturity, and, in one great spasm of creative energy, puts forth its flower of transcendent beauty, ripens its fruit for humble service, and then settles back to its patient, hard life, a naked child in a desert waste.

Many varieties of this family yield a wholesome fruit, which forms no small part of the subsistence of the humanity that ventures to tarry for a while in their midst. A cooling and palatable acid pervades much of the fruit and some of the stems of this family. In the old days of the California excitement, many a wandering gold hunter saved his life by the fruit of the prickly-pear, or the Indian fig, as it was then called. The *Cereus giganteus*, or torch cactus, yields a fruit two or three inches long, from which the Indians prepare a sort of syrup in which the fruit itself is preserved, continuing edible through the long summer drought. The fruit sometimes grows twenty or thirty feet above the ground, and the natives must anticipate the ripening season somewhat with their long poles, else the birds, their rivals, will anticipate them. The cacti are the camels of the vegetable world, content to live where all other plants refuse to stay, and they are permitted to render a service to man not unlike that of the camel. As the Arab in the last extremity strikes his knife into the stomach of his faithful beast that his own life may be saved by the few gills of water still left there, so, in the American wastes, men and beasts not infrequently save themselves

a fearful death by the copious juice found in this hydrant of the desert. The wild cattle tear open the melon cacti, which in some places are so numerous that a traveller compares them to a flock of sheep on the plains, and thus find both nourishment and drink in the pulpy interior, while the wild ass has learned to remove carefully with his hoof the prickly spines, and then with a decisive stroke to lay open the fountain for his refreshment.

The longevity of the cactus in its native home approaches deathlessness. When the English and French established their boundaries in the islands of the West Indies, they planted three rows of cacti along the line. These living posts, vegetable Terms, may last as long as French and English have rival interests. The military engineers of South America have planted their approaches to the fortifications thick with cacti. These, with the crocodiles, which they keep in the moats around their earthworks, insure better protection from their stealthy foe than cutlasses or cannon. A diviner way of saving life was found many years ago by a pharmacist of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, who imported in packages, fifty pounds at a time, the matchless blossoms of the

Cereus grandiflorus, the veritable night-blooming cereus, for the purpose of manufacturing therefrom a medicine for heart disease.

I must mention at least one more striking service which this plant renders to man. The artist who touches with carmine his sunset glow, and the maiden who delights in the brighter red ribbon upon her hat, are indebted to the humble cactus. The debt passes through a long chain of agents, each link of which is obscure, commanding little attention, and asking and receiving but little gratitude. On the *Opuntia cochinifera* lives the little cochineal insect. Extensive gardens numbering some fifty thousand plants, are cultivated in Mexico, New Granada, and the Canary Islands for the purpose of rearing these little animals, seventy thousand of which are sacrificed in order to produce one pound of commercial cochineal. Twenty years ago England alone imported two thousand tons annually at a cost of four hundred pounds per ton, all taken from the breast of that ugly looking little plant of the cactus family. This little animal is gathered by delicate brushes made of squirrel tails, and is brought to his death by delicate torture, so that the coloring material may reach its maximum value. Should we not

dip our pens into carmine ink a little more reverently in the face of these facts, which make us realize how expensive are the pigments of life? Shall we not lay them a little more carefully upon the canvas of our earthly existence? By such subtle yet strong chains does God bind us to the strongest and weakest things. Through the linked chain of omnipotence does the spirit of the universe connect the ink that flows from your pen with the scorching sides of the Andes.

> "All service ranks the same with God,
> To Him there is no great nor small."

This flower of a night in my friend's house travelled thither through a burning belt of daylight. The sun made for it a broad highway that it might kiss the darkness into beauty and into fragrance. And was it just for this and no more? Are we not now ready to find the lessons which I have tried to hint at in these most suggestive facts?

The first and most obvious lesson of our night-blooming cereus is that beauty is a fundamental and essential principle in the universe. Matthew Arnold argues that in the history of human life there is shown "a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Rampant crime,

strong cunning, and triumphant mischief notwithstanding,

> "Truth shall conquer at the last
> For round and round we run :
> And ever the Right comes uppermost,
> And ever is Justice done."

And we must also confess that, closely coiled at the center of things, there lies a force that shapes itself in beauty.

It is this force which covers the naked rocks of our northern hills with lichens and mosses, cushions the ragged sides of the Andes with cactus pads, and carpets the sandy plains of the West with varieties of the same family. On the crisp and crackling lava beds of Sicily they have planted the prickly-pear, and there this pioneer of the floral kingdom, this John the Baptist of the gospel of beauty, is making a home among the cinders, and in Nature's good time will help lay the soil out of which the palm and the lily shall spring.

Darwin admits what Emerson urges, that there is ever in Nature a tendency to ornamentation. Witness the hard life of the cactus ; without leaves or comely exterior, it is permitted to concentrate the mute energies of its life in an occasional impulse, splendid and creative, which results in a

transcendent flower, perhaps the rarest and choicest in all the realms of vegetation, and startling within us a realizing sense that beauty is an omnipresent mantle of the universe. From mountain-top to sluggish swamp, Nature sends her flowers. Indeed, as if afraid to trust her realms anywhere without these guardian angels of beauty, she creates mimic flowers on crusted snow, outlines roses and dahlias on sheeted ice, and traces fern fronds upon frosted glass. In the deepest labyrinths of the Mammoth Cave, in realms of perpetual darkness, she has carved roses out of rock, and caused stone lilies to bloom. Thus it is that God visits us in the night, and, through his night-blooming cereus, reminds us of that universal spirit that has adorned with beauty every age, and touched with glory every place.

Another lesson that our night-bloomer brings is that of the value of all things, even those which are often dismissed as valueless. If, out of a shapeless mass, born on a sand heap, protected by thorny spikes, there has come marvellous beauty, how much more may it come out of our lives, formless and parched as they may now be. In due time, if we persist, the wax-white petals of a better life will burst, worthy protection to the

silken stamens charged with the golden pollen that shall fructify the germs of unselfishness and nobility as yet undeveloped within us.

May we not verify this lesson from our studies in human life? Who has not known a human cactus, ungainly and unpromising until, by the mystic elaboration of some inner economy, it burst into potency and glory? Such was that formless, awkward human thing thrown upon an Illinois prairie, a rude youth of obscure origin; but the divine ripening surprised the world, for that cactus was a night-blooming cereus. Never before or after did prairie yield a flower of such rare fragrance as Abraham Lincoln.

Here is a boy large of foot and heavy of hand, with exterior all flabby and awkward. His father calls him worthless, his sisters are ashamed of him when there is company, and even the mother, Heaven forgive her, the first, last, and most persistent believer in a boy's possibilities, has almost concluded that "Bill will never amount to much." Even she wonders what he was intended for. Then the cactus comes forward and claims relationship with this bit of human awkwardness, and declares there is that here which will endure the drought of unloved and perhaps unloving years.

Some day this poor, ungainly human plant will bloom. No one may foretell the blossoming time for "Bill," more than for the cactus. It may be when, out of the liquid depths of a maiden's eyes, some gleam shall penetrate deeper into his own than any light had probed before, and a maiden's hand find its way into his own larger one, or it may be when the velvet of a baby's cheek smooths the coarse wrinkles of his weather-beaten face, or, still later, when some sudden stroke of lightning from a clear sky shatters the home roof-tree, and throws him helpless upon the ashes of his hearth-stone; or, if no such redemptive storms visit him, still the night-blooming cereus warrants me in the belief that when awkward "Bill" shall have been transplanted from the sterile fields of mortality to the conservatories of another clime, and watered, it may be, by angel hands, this plant of God will bloom, and, perchance, messengers will hasten to summon in a celestial company to witness the beauty that has burst unexpectedly out of such apparent sterility.

Many a woman's life, like the torch cactus, lifts its stiff and unadorned column, without grace or flowers, into a parching atmosphere. She thinks the world has no care or love for her,

and, what is still worse, the world thinks it has no need of her. Youth laughs at her spinster awkwardness, and age is willing to receive from her unrewarded drudgery; but the night-blooming cereus claims her as a sister, and declares by all the verities of life, by all the economies of the universe, that such heroic occupation of barren ground, such patient waiting, such painful preparation of soil, is not without its recognition somewhere, though it be denied branches or foliage. God will yet endow such a life with some blossom of rarest beauty, the fragrance of which will make glad the children of heaven.

This blooming cactus, this thing of spines that breaks into radiance, resents not a still further comparison, although its robes of beauty are daintier than the daintiest silk which the proud woman disdainfully gathers about her, lest she may be contaminated by the touch of one whom God meant to be her sister. The cereus shrinks not from the poor, bedraggled daughters of God. It confesses kinship with the dwarfed and the sin-parched soul. Away out on the sun-parched plains of Arizona, where human life can scarce find foothold, the prickly-pear blooms into prophecy, and becomes fragrant with the aroma of

the New Testament. It rebukes the church that dares call a soul "lost" and the judge that dares pronounce a woman "abandoned." Our night-bloomer revises the record of the police courts, and rebukes the conceit of our colleges, strips from our schools their flimsy robe of pretence, and puts the products thereof on their own merits, rendering null and void classes, diplomas, and degrees, for life is tested by its blossoms, or, better yet, by the fruit it bears.

Again, I have known homes that were scarcely to be compared to a prickly-pear, so stunted, graceless, and full of thorns were they. The night-blooming cereus pleads for these ragged families and warrants the hope of a meager flowering and fruitage even here; at least it teaches me to believe that it is better to cling to the law of the divine necessity, better a thousand times to persist in this home life and live it out, prickly-pear fashion, if it must be so, than yield to any of the modern temptations to divorce or defiance of conjugal law. Better be a prickly-pear, and deserve the blossom and fruit in store for it than tear the poor pad, mutilating it hopelessly in trying to make a rose-bush of it.

That which is true of individuals, I am sure

is true of peoples and of ages. Travellers report that sometimes, on the dry plains of Arizona or New Mexico, they have retired at evening in tents pitched on desert dreariness, and risen in the morning to find that a shower had transformed the landscape and made it a radiant flower bed, filling the air with the delicate odor of the cactus blossom. Once, at least, in our generation, has such a transformation been witnessed in human fields. There was a time when the moisture of our national life had been dried up by the hot sun of selfishness and injustice. America's virtues lay parched and blistered on the unproductive sands of slavery. Then, as if in a night, the shower of national danger came, stirring strangely the inner forces of our life. The entire land burst into an unexpected glory. The flowers of heroic patriotism, of self-denying zeal, patience, and fortitude, emanated, everywhere, from unsightly plants, and common men and women were lifted into a life akin to that of heroes and saints, celebrated in song and in story.

And still another lesson. Our night-blooming cereus teaches us the uses of the disagreeable, the meaning of the thorn itself. The porcupine finds

his life secure behind his quills. The spines of the cactus, barbed like a fish-hook, are constructed for defensive purposes, like the briers which guard the bud that it may become a rose. When digestive functions are denied to the leaf of the cactus, Nature rolls it up into a bayonet, and there it stands guard at a "Charge!" over the hidden possibilities within. Is there not something like this in the thorny character of many a human being? Shakespeare's Caliban is saved from the imposition of Stephano by his fishy smell. The disagreeable qualities of the ignorant and the imbecile often save them from the violation and desecration of the strong. The clumsy gait, the awkward movement, and the unfavored face, may be the spines on the human cactus which God has placed as armed sentinels to ward off irreverent raiders. The flabby awkwardness that besets the young girl of fifteen or the boy of eighteen is the providential safeguard that helps protect the children of men from the seductions of passion and the dissipations of society through the period which, were it not for these protections, would find them most helpless to resist. The man cactus conceals some slumbering beauty which you do not understand and cannot appre-

ciate, but which you must not profane. Nature keeps a standing army to defend her children until she can trust them to enlist as volunteers and protect themselves. When spines are no longer needed, leaves will develop. Until the leaves are grown, let us be somewhat respectful to the spines.

The physical fierceness of the earlier races of Europe, the Gothic and Celtic clans, kept the polished forces of Rome at bay when there was not humanity or foresight enough in the Roman Empire to preserve these fertile, though savage, forces. They were defended and perpetuated by the spines with which Nature armed them. Within those hedgehog cacti of barbaric Europe, the flowers were being elaborated which, in the fulness of time, should burst into the surprising blossoms of Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, and Lincoln. This thought teaches patience even with the thorns that grow upon the human stock, for none can tell what beauty and power may appear when this mystic cactus blooms.

What is the mystery of the night? Why does the beauty of this magical flower court the darkness? We have seen that the home of our plant is in tropic wastes. Somewhere in the sun-

parched fields of Mexico do its kindred decorate unsurveyed acres with similar beauty, charging the breezes with fragrance that no human nostril breathes. This is evidence that beauty has a higher and broader mission than the mere gratification of man. The universe was not created for us, but we for the universe. The stars above have other meaning than the edification of the *genus homo* on the planet earth. Away up on the snow-line of the Andes, standing where no human being had stood before, Humboldt found a violet in bloom, smiling its sweetness in the face of the infinite God. In the geologic albums of the earth are photographed fern fronds of rarest delicacy, etched before the eye of man was. Beauty is a part of that grander plan of which we form a part, but which we may not fully understand. The night-bloomer teaches us to believe greatly in all men, not because man is the sole object of creation, but because cactus and man, prickly-pear and stupid boy, lonely woman and striving man,

> "All are parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God, the soul."

Could we but rudely tear a cactus from its lodgment upon the plains of Arizona, and fling

it into nothingness, we should maim the entire body of Nature and leave the Almighty God a cripple. And how much more than the cactus is the meanest child of humanity. Yet there are those who talk of "lost souls," and who speak of salvation and annihilation as if the soul could come and go in and out of this universe according to the idle will of the individual.

The cactus tells us that the weight of the universe bears down upon each one. Through weal or woe, in time or eternity, we must learn the law of beauty, and conform to its holy order.

Thus does the flower of the night rebuke our discouragement, and dissipate our despondency. The revelation of the night-bloomer leads our souls out consciously into fields of usefulness, as the mute forces of the cereus work within itself unconsciously, elaborating fragrance and shaping beauty. Surely, "God visits us in the night," with lessons of courage, justice, action.

But the night-bloomer has still another lesson for the thoughtful mind, — a lesson of modesty. All the energies of the plant are not sufficient to produce its rare blossom in the face of the hostile sun that pours down upon it in its shelterless home. The cereus must bloom in the night, or

else put forth petals less waxen and stamens less silken, and hang its floral bell on a stem less graceful. And something like this is true in human life. Our highest thoughts, our rarest tears, our holiest griefs, our divinest yearnings and tenderest loves are visitations of the night, the blooms of privacy. The rarest flowers of the human soul are too delicate to withstand the glare of noonday notoriety. There is a night-blooming cereus budding in the heart of every young prophet that none but God can see. There are waxen petals of hope, that angels with shielded eyes may not see, fluttering in the breast of the expectant mother. There is an aroma in the hearts of the aged that none but those on the hither side can detect. Would we know the inner life and the secret power that have given birth to the highest utterances in literature, we must seek them in the outpourings of souls that have been touched in the night. Shelley's Alastor, Tennyson's Elaine, "the Lily Maid of Astolat," who in death alone found a tongue that could speak her love, — all these are symbols of the higher experiences of the soul, types of the creative spirit.

What a night-blooming cereus opened its

petals in the home of the Lambs, and all London, save a few rare spirits, slept while the beauty lasted. "There goes the man who has been in hell," the villagers said of Dante, as he walked the streets tasting the bitter loneliness of the crowd; so dark was the night in which his flower bloomed. "See the lonely Englishman," said the Italians, as they pointed at the shy Shelley, a self-appointed exile. In the darkest night of bigotry and obscurity, there opened, just long enough for a few to catch a passing glimpse of it, the rarest flower of humanity, Jesus of Nazareth. It fell blighted, scorched by the sun of vulgar contempt and idle hatred. It was dark then; it is dark still. The rare beauty of that flower is still unappreciated. Jesus of Nazareth was a night-blooming cereus.

This lesson of modesty is, as it seems to me, the most searching lesson of my flower. How much do we, in this fast age and loud nation, need to heed this lesson of the night-blooming cereus! How slow we are to appreciate the secret of the noiseless life! If we learn this lesson of the night-bloomer well, we shall avoid the barbarism of the old Earl of Coventry, and never more ask the Godiva of the soul to ride

naked in the noonday glare of vulgar curiosity. Men and women grow black in the face as they cry, "Ho, here! see me, see what great thing I am doing!" Let such stop and realize that the rarest blossom develops in solitude and opens in the dark. Let us, too, be content to fulfil the divine end of our being, though none but God should know it; glad, like the flower, to absorb the sunlight and give it out again in God's own good time and way.

I know it is hard to be reconciled to the apparently evanescent character of this beauty. It is natural that we should long to perpetuate such a flower. To such an impulse did I yield. I tried to save the blossoms of the night-blooming cereus. I was given two of the queenly things to carry home. I immersed one in a globe of alcohol, and kept it many a month, but its chief value lay in the humiliating contrast which it instituted. It suggested a glory that had fled. The other blossom I pressed between the leaves of a book with all the skill at my command, but I was left with only the stained shadow of a flower for my pains.

Was my flower lost? Far from it. The rising sun heralded its resurrection morn. Those

six regal blossoms did not die. They remained in that house in the shape of an added grace to the hand that trained them, and a softer heart in the lad that summoned me to the vision. Their aroma still abides as a tender memory in that neighborhood, clinging unconsciously to the spiritual garments, as the smell of musk endures in the physical garments of men. Something of that beauty still abides consciously in my heart; more of it, may I hope, has entered into that realm of the unconscious, where the better and the larger part of our spiritual wealth is ever deposited. A little of it, may I hope, has passed into this sermon, and through it may find its way into hearts far removed in time and space from the haunts of the lad that first summoned me to the revelation. My prayer is that it may so sink into such hearts as to become a part of the eternal life that is theirs and ours.

Dante, Shelley, Charles and Mary Lamb, are living yet. He of Nazareth is more and more alive as century after century marches by. But let us profit by my experience with the flower, and beware how we seek to preserve him in an alcohol jar of doctrines and creeds. Let us beware how we look for him between the leaves of

any book. We cannot find him pressed in the herbarium of any ecclesiastical history. Let us seek him rather in that large and sweet aroma that has mellowed the civilization, pervaded the thinking, and sanctified the industries of nineteen centuries.

It is for man, like the cereus, to be content to live on, work on, and wait on, never worrying lest justice or appreciation be not his. What though the blossoms be of the night? The issues of that night-time visit will be carefully husbanded for the light, for all light, for all times, for all worlds. Thus it is that God "visits us in the night."

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Nature's immortal music, upwinging from earth to the skies:
Floating in lambent ether, to Thee in Thy heavens shall rise.
Voices of all Thy people, instinct with Thy life-giving breath:
Cry of a new-born infant, and low-sighing passage of death;

* * * * * * *

Soft to the waiting Silence, all voices shall come at Thy call,
God of the deep world-wonder; O God of our hearts, hearing all.

KATHARINE COOLIDGE.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

When one goes to bed at nine o'clock knowing that the morning is to bring him no early engagement or special hurry, he can afford to lie awake and listen to the voices of the night, particularly if his bed lies, as mine has lain for the last two months, on the bosom of the hill, mantled with green leaves, fanned by swaying boughs, and, when light is, looking out upon the unwindowed hills that rim the flowing river. My bed was made for the daylight as well as the dark; perched on high stilts, it gives the lazy lounger a bewitching landscape of trees and waters draped in near vines that do not conceal the distant bridge, over which trickle leisurely drops of human life as raindrops slip down a vine.

But this bowery bivouac on Tower Hill is an ear as well as an eye. Its curved front, like man's outer ear, gathers the waves of sound that travel half-way around the circle, from right to left, and from down to up.

The common after-vacation question is, — "What have you seen?" or, perchance, "What have you read?" This time I ignore these questions, and will try to report enough of what I have heard to make an after-vacation sermon, a starting-point to the more ordered work of the year. Certainly one of the main gateways into the citadel of thought and feeling is the ear, and, as I shall try to show later along, sound is a profound interpreter of nature. Sound, perchance, appeals more mightily to soul than sight; at least the two are often rivals in their claims upon the soul's interest and attention. The noise distracts the eye, the eye too often silences the sound, and color blurs the melody. It is a question whether the opera's double appeal to eye and ear does not detract something from the power of the music. Certain it is that the true musician often shields his eyes and trusts his ears. In captivity some of the sweetest bird songsters sing best when the cage is draped, and in freedom they pour out their noblest notes in the shadows or in the dark.

Be this as it may, my first confident declaration is, that in the country the night is full of voices. To lie awake in happy health in the

midnight darkness of a moonless night on Tower Hill is to find oneself an uninvited guest at a great symphony concert given by countless unknown performers, applying themselves with true artistic abandon to their instruments of melody. Only a musician deeply versed in the science of sound and harmony, and skilled in the use of the technical terms of his profession, need try to describe this midnight concert of grasshoppers, locusts, tree-toads, and bullfrogs, whose music is punctuated by the harsh shriek of the swamp-bird, the weird hoot of the owl, the mocking laugh of the raccoon, or the snap of twigs high upon the oak tree when the flying squirrel takes a circus leap in her belated harvesting of acorns or hickory nuts.

In the night, the cicadas, that during the daytime are removed beyond the reach of eye or ear, break out with high falsetto voices in the vines that shade my door. They are in the grass, before, behind, everywhere. The thirsty tree-toad that has crawled up and perched himself upon the faucet of the hydrant, sings out in fearless ecstasy, trumpeting his gladness over moisture found, or clamoring his prophetic prayer for the belated rain. When fortified behind a wire

barricade, one's fear even of the mosquito is lost in admiration of its wonderful musical power. To the unprotected the sound is like the boisterous clamor of some entomological Board of Trade; but when the benignant part of this humble insect in the cycle of being is understood, its fiendish clamor for blood is more easily justified than that of some other bloodsuckers higher up the scale of life.

Lying on my bed at midnight in the open ear of Westhope, I have heard what I thought must be the blue racer draw its stealthy length across the leaves; the ground-hog with its padded feet is not afraid to pass in front of my door and walk the whole length of my sidewalk; the field-mice chatter to one another; the turtle vigorously picks the lower strings of his bass viol; and numberless other things of life on wing and on foot, reptiles, insects, and birds, revel in the darkness. They live in the night; they sing when the human world is asleep; under cover of the darkness they rejoice and are glad. The fringe of light that bounds this darkness of the later evening and the earlier morning, starts the most pathetic and peculiar note of the whippoorwill, our distinctively American bird. At eight in the evening, all

summer, he sounds his reveille to awake the battalions of the night; at three in the morning he sounds his tattoo, summoning the wakeful hosts of night to their peaceful day slumber.

All this chorus of animated nature is borne in on me with the orchestral accompaniment of the responsive leaves, the rustling 'mid the oak boughs, the soughing in the pine-tops, and the æolian harps of the forest. Even the river whispers and murmurs; the very stars, if they venture out, seem vocal; and the old Greek dream of a "music of the spheres" is almost realized.

But my powers of description fail. Let me try my hand at preaching. The first lesson that the night voices teach is the abundance of life, the superabundant energy of the universe, the splendid deposit of organized power that besets us everywhere. In the night there comes to the listening ear of man audible corroboration of the fact taught by science, that earth, air, and water are loaded with life, organic life, with living, ay, loving beings; for the sweetest song of grasshopper, as of man, is a love song, the owl hoots his wooing to his lady love, and the frogs croak their serenades. In the night the listening ear realizes the literal truth of Lowell's line: —

> "There's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
> To be some happy creature's palace,"

and the mighty locust army that inspired the grim lines of the old prophet, Joel, —

> "Like a mighty host set in battle array
> They run like mighty men all around us," —

is ever with us in some modified form in summer-time.

Before we left Tower Hill, the trained ear caught at midnight from the upper air certain notes ranging from an uncanny scream to a startling click. They were the calls of the migratory bird armies that had already set themselves southward, and were moving in ghostly battalions through the quiet of the night. Our bird expert, Doctor Libby, told us that some of these armies rose to an altitude of three miles. They found their way and kept together by virtue of the signal calls of their leaders, the pilots of the upper seas. There is nothing in the whole story of animate nature more mystic, surprising, and marvellous than these great tides of bird life that twice in every year sweep over our country, southward in autumn and northward in spring, and perhaps

the greater part of this shy, singing army passes in the night. It is another suggestion of the sublime, I might almost say awful, fecundity of nature. Life cannot be put out. It is too fecund to be suppressed; it must be directed. We cannot destroy it; we must control, elevate, and ennoble it.

Let the sick or the despondent lie awake in the night on mountain-top, on the breast of the hill, in the cradle of the valley, or wherever nature is, and find indisputable truth that nature is alive and at work; that life and not death is the law, ay, and that joy and not sorrow is the dominant strain. The fly's buzz, the bee's hum, the locust's chirp, the bird's call, all testify to the joy of living, all bear witness that there is a splendid margin of life to be put down on the credit side of the page. Life is a plus quantity; there is a surplus of energy everywhere.

Another lesson taught by the voices of the night is that most, if not all, of this life is independent of man. It came without his assistance, and it stays without his consent, oftentimes in defiance of his will, and apparently in antagonism to his interest. Man has had a hard task in trying to dehumanize his God, in learning that the

power which called the universe into being, orders its forces, and shapes its creations, is not some infinite projection of man himself. He is now having a hard time in trying to learn what the voices of the night teach so impressively, — that the universe was not made for his benefit, that, however important to himself he may be, he is but a link, albeit the best and highest known to himself, in the endless chain of being. That humanity is but one colony in the great kingdom of life. The time was when these choruses of the night represented the highest dignitaries of earth, when the cicadas were the knights and the bumblebees the kings of earth's battalions. Man must learn that he holds no monopoly of nature; that he must fall in with the procession or get run over; he must move on or be left behind.

As I listened to the voices of the night, the rhythm would be occasionally disturbed by the tinkling of a cow-bell or the lonely call of a heifer that had lost her way and had been shut out of the night pasture; or the dog, over-vigilant for his human charge, would disturb the life he guarded by barking at the enemy that never appeared, if, indeed, his over-developed nerves were not relieving themselves by literally "baying at the

moon." Once in a while creation would seem to be fraying out on its outer edges. There sometimes came disturbing evidences that the latest layer of life was crass, cracking into discord as if Nature was running out of fine material, as now and then roistering farm-hands broke the silences by rattling along in their noisy wagon on the road that skirted the foot of the bluff a quarter of a mile away, a road that otherwise would have been bathed in quiet, shadowed in holy mystery and awe. These boys and men, returning from the cheap revelries in poor beer at the village three miles away, mocked the stars and poisoned the night with their ribald songs and commonplace profanity, the inanity of which increased its impiety.

But once I remember being touched in another way by the life on the outer rim. A voice from the later layer of evolution, the feeble wail of a sick infant, pierced the solemnities of the night, and the little cry of a baby seemed to have in it pathos enough to disturb the complacency of the stars. His helpless little plea must have reached the heart of God himself, and, indeed, it did not have far to go, for the cry turned on the light of God's providence in the darkness, and in my

mind's eye I could see the divine broodings in the vigilance of the anxious mother, the solicitation that drove all sleep from her eyes. A baby's cry in the night is the voice of the human that surely reaches the divine. It is a more fundamental note than that of the roisterers, and goes far to atone for their ungracious noise.

But these voices, though heard in the night, were still intruders. They did not belong to the night. Humanity is for the day. In the night the laborer should rest, and the child should find quiet and holy harbor in the bosom of its sleeping mother, the God incarnate, the "Father in Heaven" made manifest in motherly arms, the divine brought nigh unto every child of woman. Human life sinks out of sight and thought as an insignificant factor in the mystic procession of being, when existence is chiefly witnessed by the listening ear. In the darkness of midnight, the statistics of the dairy, the butter and cheese industry, the farm activities, and all that human civilization implies, represent but recent scratches, surface markings on the great sphere of life.

The voices of the night made of this rolling earth but a little ball, swinging in its little orbit in an out-of-the-way corner of the astronomic

infinity. And the life of man, measured by its whole diameter from the stone hatchet to the McCormick reaper, from cromlech to cathedral, from the bivouac in the limbs of trees to the turreted city, became but an incident in the great procession, a fragment of the great history, one scene, though the latest, in the drama of life. A prostrate and passive attitude is fitting to man as he listens to the voices of the night, for he cannot stay the stream or span this river of life. He may ride upon its bosom; he may somewhat direct his course in the channel; but he cannot escape from its current or deflect it from its course. The voices of the night teach man humility, call upon him to worship rather than to complain, to accept rather than to resist, to use rather than to abuse the splendid power the source and end of which are beyond his measure and in which he finds his origin and destiny.

All this time I have been speaking of physical voices, for I have learned to love the audible notes of nature and to be more and more enamoured of the night. Day has no glories and sunlight no revelation to the overworked city dweller that are comparable to the sublimity of the night and the restoration which the dark affords him in his

vacation weeks in the country. When the play-time releases us from the fetters of daily care, we must not neglect the "sanctuary of the night," that offers us sublimities greater than those of mountains, and speaks in tones more orchestral than lie within the reach of organ or violin, a chorus more penetrating, more varied, and more universal than any marshalled by choir masters of human choruses.

I have been speaking of the actual voices, the physical sounds of the night, the embodied energy, the mystery and meaning rooted in biology; and I should probably do well to remain within this field; for to change all this reality into symbolism, and make a parable out of science in order to reach some higher realm we call the spiritual, is a dangerous undertaking. Too long has the religious teacher rejoiced in metaphor more than in fact. Too long have we identified prophecy with the exceptional rhapsody rather than with the universal experience of man. The spirituality most needed to-day is that which reads the lessons of the spirit in the facts of matter, not through them. The oak, the pine, and the elm are trees of life; the Rock, the Fox, and the Wisconsin rivers are rivers of life, flowing from under the

throne of God; and there is peace, and, after that, power, in the song of the cricket. There is pathos and pity, sympathy and fellowship, in the call of the whippoorwill, the cry of the owl, and the laughing response of the raccoon, which ever runs into a cry that might be the cry of a lost soul. All these serve to interpret our own lives, and it is the mission of intellect and the part of spirit to ally them to the laughter of the child, the crooning of the mother, and the duty calls in the hearts of brave and loving men and women.

But the human soul is a poet, and the mind of man unclouded cannot help crossing with a bound the narrow, indefinable chasm that lies between the material and the spiritual. Ever and anon as I lay listening to my midnight orchestra, my ears lost the whole gamut of the batrachian chorus, reaching from the shrill tenor of the tree-toad to the deep bass of the bullfrog, not because they had ceased their choiring, but because another music had claimed my attention. Their voices were overlaid and silenced by the louder voices that took possession of the inward ear, the voices of memory that spoke of childhood haunts, loves, and longings, that sounded again the chords of a mother's love, that called back

the tones of a father, vocalized in prayer, hymn, and benediction.

In the night, the strong man hears again the mother's lullaby that once soothed him to sleep. In the night, the heart is swayed again by voices that long since have been silenced. In the night, the man of the world, hardened and sharpened by business, blunted by disappointments, made "wise" by the competitions and the conflicts of trade, and, if you please, the petty successes springing therefrom, hears again the old "foolish" voices that called him to generous deeds, that lured him to high fields of action, to sweet fellowships and splendid service. In the night, the voices of prudence, which interpret and enforce the practices of trade, and seem so commanding in the daylight, are subdued by the "low, sweet music of humanity" that sings the songs of disinterestedness and chants the anthems of duty. In the night, we hear the psalmody of mankind, that makes us believe once more in the dreams of youth, feel once more the sweet allurements of love, and trust once more in the dollar of the Almighty more than in the almighty dollar.

Even the clock, which during the day ticks out the moments of human hurry, keeps time for the

arrival of mails, the closing of banks, the departure of trains, and the dinner-hour, in the night ticks off calmly the seconds of human life and moves the hands on the dial of eternity. "Tick-tock," a babe is born. Peace wrestles with anxiety in father and mother heart. "Tick-tock," and the babe learns to lisp "Mamma," "Papa," and pride glows in parental faces. "Tick-tock," the child toddles off to school. "Tick-tock," the "a-b abs" are passed. "Tick-tock," the multiplication table is conquered. "Tick-tock," the high school reached. "Tick-tock," university doors lure. "Tick-tock," college honors; "tick-tock," marriage bells; "tick-tock," business and home; "tick-tock," another babe is born; "tick-tock," the hairs are gray, the limbs are palsied, and the round of life complete. Thus in the night is the kitchen clock transformed into the measurer of the spirit, the timepiece of the soul, the interpreter of eternity.

Yes, the voices of the night are in their very nature the most potent of spiritual forces, sent, if we so will, to temper life with patience, to enlarge the mind with long, long thoughts, to mellow the heart with broad sympathies, to test life by permanent forces, to measure it profoundly,

not superficially, to interpret it by the standards of nobleness.

The ear is more spiritual than the eye. The voice reaches depths in the human soul that color cannot fathom. Man has everywhere held that the ultimate revelation was to the ear. The prophets of all ages have heard "the voice of the Lord." The disclosures of Sinai, whatever they were, — and we may be sure they were more and not less than the record makes them, — began in the blazing bush, which appealed to the eye, but ended in the speaking voice, which, through the ear, reached the throne of God in the heart of man, and said, "Take off thy shoes, for where thou standest is holy ground."

Blessed is the gateway of light, that puts the soul into the world of space and color, but more blessed is the gateway of sound, that puts the soul into the world of harmony of thought and feeling, for through this gateway do we best find our relationship with the most real, most permanent, and, so far as we know, the latest expression of power in this unfolding universe, — the realities of the human heart. It is a great deprivation to be blind, for thereby is the world shut out, but it is a greater calamity to be deaf, for thereby is the

soul shut in. Take from me the beauty and the attendant joy of outward nature revealed in form and color, if you must, but leave me the melody of the human voice, the merriment of children's laughter, the solicitude of woman, and the strength of man as vocalized in tones; ay, the melody of nature, the symphony of wind and thunder, for they best suggest timeless things, they carry me nearest to the throne of the invisible, the heart of the eternal; they teach me best my kinship with all sentient things, my relationship to all that is. The voices of the night are spiritual, because they are voices.

Again, the voices of the night are spiritual, because darkness is more revealing than daylight. Desperate, indeed, is the criminal who wreaks his violence in the dark. His sins are such as are born out of fundamental disturbances, great trouble, far-reaching demoralization, terrible provocations; and who knows how far, in the All-seeing eye, the extenuating circumstances may go toward pardon and restoration? Heaven be thanked, the deeds of wrong done in the dark are comparatively few, and they may be catalogued; they are definite, dramatic, and appalling, but the dark is itself a spiritual restriction. It is the

policeman of God that cries "Hold," and with his assistant, Fear, often brings prompt check. But the deeds of wrong done in the daylight are the little numberless acts of selfishness, the meannesses encouraged by sharp vision, the overreachings, the smart practices, the ingenious "successes," the petty triumphs of the daylight; these are the hardest to bear, and the slowest to remedy. The night soothes the feverish pulse which the day excites. Night brings sleep to smooth out the wrinkles which care has written on the brow. In the night the man whose hands are red with human blood lapses into innocence, and his lips are moulded into baby sweetness. It is night that interprets life largely, and exposes to the soul the meanness and the selfishness which in the daytime are so pert and debonair, but which in the night seem so small, ignoble, and unholy.

The darkness is a revealing power, not only through the eye, giving us the vision of the stars, but through the ear, emphasizing our finiteness, touching us with humility. The very fear that overtakes us in the dark is but a confession of our weakness; indeed, our fear is justified only from within, for "the shapes that seem to wait

the signal to swoop out of the black depths of the muffled woods," as the poet calls them, are phantoms of our own weak minds, as the daylight of the morrow will prove. Instead of being full of terrors, the night is the guardian of the little children of God; the small creatures of nature dare sing out in the dark, and go forth to find their food and to round out the meager circle of their lives.

It is an old analogy which has kindled the mind of the sage and the poet, the prophet and the philosopher of all ages, that sees in the darkness that ends the day a suggestion of the night that ends life. Knowing that we pierce the darkness of night only to emerge again into the light beyond, may we not think of the night of death as a curtain let down between the acts to rise again on new scenes and for new action?

Beyond the light of the "garish day," in the dim twilight of the unrealized, in the darkness of the unknown, do we find our highest sanction to effort, our deepest justification of hope. In the darkness, faith broods and nourishes the strength that dares believe in the unattained, and work for what, in the light of day, seems unattainable. In the lull of outward activities, in the suspension

of what we call "work," we have learned with the old Hebrew poet that "we are but as grasshoppers," the cicadas of a day. Let us still sing our song bravely, do the task that belongs to the day, and live the life that becomes the children of a day, assured that somewhere "There lies some low, mean work for us to do." Let us do it, and be ashamed to ask for "life's crown when we have flung down its sword." Ignorance, weakness, sickness, sin, death, what are they but the darkness that proves we have swung away from the sun into the shadows? And, though the intervening object be the whole round earth, it is but a fleeting shadow that darkens our way. The sun will shine again. Through ignorance we swing into knowledge, out of weakness into strength, out of wickedness into virtue, out of death into life. Mortality will be dissipated on the shores of eternity, the transient will give way to the permanent. The finite belongs to the infinite, and God will claim his own in his own good time and in his own high way.

A SUNDAY ON THE SEA

SEEN AND UNSEEN

The wind ahead, the billows high,
A whited wave, but sable sky,
And many a league of tossing sea
Between the hearts I love and me.
* * * * * *
The wind ahead? The wind is free!
For evermore it favoreth me, —
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.

This surging brine *I* do not sail;
This blast adverse is not my gale;
'Tis here I only seem to be,
But really sail another sea, —

Another sea, pure sky its waves,
Whose beauty hides no heaving graves, —
A sea all haven, whereupon
No helpless bark to wreck hath gone.

The winds that o'er my ocean run
Reach through all heavens beyond the sun;
Through life and death, through fate, through time,
Grand breaths of God, they sweep sublime.

Eternal "trades," they cannot veer,
And blowing, teach us how to steer;
And well for him whose joy, whose care,
Is but to keep before them fair.

O thou, God's mariner, heart of mine,
Spread canvas to the airs divine!
Spread sail! and let thy Fortune be
Forgotten in thy Destiny!

For Destiny pursues us well,
By sea, by land, through heaven or hell;
It suffers Death alone to die,
Bids Life all change and chance defy.
* * * * * *
Life loveth life and good; then trust
What most the spirit would, it must;
Deep wishes, in the heart that be,
Are blossoms of Necessity.

A thread of Law runs through my prayer,
Stronger than iron cables are;
And Love and Longing toward her goal
Are pilots sweet to guide the Soul.

So Life must live, and Soul must sail,
And Unseen over Seen prevail,
And all God's argosies come to shore,
Let ocean smile, or rage and roar.

And so, 'mid storm or calm, my bark
With snowy wake still nears her mark;
Cheerly the "trades" of being blow,
And sweeping down the wind I go.

— David Atwood Wasson.

A SUNDAY ON THE SEA

Let me confess at the outset that I am a land animal. There is little of the amphibian about me. I am best content and most at home with Nature and its maker when my feet are on *terra firma*. The sea presents itself to me as a Calvinist. It is Presbyterian. It represents the inexorable, unbending, unflinching, sublime, and eternal forces of Nature. In the toss of its waves man seems but a mote; in the whirl of its tempests human interests and human life seem to count for naught. The sea, with its cold upheavals, suggests what Dr. Hedge termed "the retreating God," the deity shrouded within the sweep of unrelenting law, a deity that shapes cosmic forces, that, perchance, is still formulating a growing universe, but which evades the grasp of the human heart. The sea speaks of the relentless God, whose billows strike with the same impartial ferocity against the rugged rock, the sleeping sand, or the reeling side of the

human-freighted ship. Its waves are ominous, whether they boom in the mouths of unexplored caves, or swish among the grasses that fringe the salt sea marshes.

Even in its gentle tones and more passive moods it still seems indifferent to the human. It indeed teems with life; but it is life chained within the borders of the lower orders of the animal kingdom. Its inhabitants have small brains, cold blood, and sluggish pulse. From jelly-fish to whale, each order ruthlessly lives by destroying that which is beneath it or within its power. Even the phosphorescent glow that at night tips with fire the waves and gives to the great boat its nightly train of glory, is produced, as some fancy, by the sacrifice of myriad lives, which, as they are kissed for the first time by the fire in the air, find their little bodies consumed by one enflamed spasm of ecstasy.

The stories of the sea are seasoned with blood. The legends of the sea yield no King Arthur, the ideal knight, the gentle hero, the champion of the poor, and the guardian of woman's honor. It indeed suggests the "flood of years" beneath whose resistless tides the generations sink one after another.

The first thing the sea does for me is to take the egotism out of me. In suggesting the finiteness of man, the helplessness of the mortal, it administers the needed lesson of humility. It compels the finite to fall prostrate before the inevitable and besetting infinite. It allays our feverish impatience; it rebukes our petulant haste; it shames our narrow schemes for selfish ends. A sea voyage ought to cure the worst case of what Emerson calls the "goitre of egotism," which he pronounces the "blight of modern civilization." Here, if nowhere else, man confronts the great will of the universe that foreordains, elects, dooms for good or ill, according to its own infinite pleasure. This is a lesson much needed in these smart days, when the human soul is so conscious of its power that it would fain defy the universe, revise divinity, shape the destinies of nations according to its own choice and preference, and say, when things do not go according to its own pleasure and choice, "So much the worse for things." The sea brings to man the stern but real consolations of the Stoic. It teaches him on bended knee to kiss the hem of that awful robe of deity, the sweet inevitable, and straightway the tears

are dried. The hard bed brings a rest to the tired body not to be found on softest down. The sea rebukes much of the effort of modern life to cushion the world, and tempers the curiosity that, from the kindergarten to the university, is impatient of mysteries and enamored of explanations and definitions. The sea is not to be comprehended, but all the more surely does it bring divine apprehensions.

But there is a second ministry of the sea which promptly follows the first, by correcting the overstatement, rescuing our self-respect, and arousing our human energies. What little humanity there is left for us away out there on the bounding, rolling deep, becomes more precious. There, perhaps more than anywhere else, is our simple humanity divinely intensified. Distinctions and differences, whether of wealth, creed, or nationality, hardly stand us in store out of sight of land. The second day out, the passengers on the great ocean steamers cease to be orthodox or heterodox. On the third day out they cease to be Republicans or Democrats, Socialists or Expansionists; for in these days political prejudices and animosities are deeper and more bitter than those of ecclesiasticism, and it takes a day more of tossing

to rub them off. On the fourth day out we cease to be American, German, Frank, or Kelt, and are glad to be simply human, content if we may save a little of our self-respect by that single affirmation. And so, by the second Sunday out, when a sermon is asked for, there is but one sermon that springs unbidden to the lips, whether the preacher be Methodist or Catholic, Presbyterian or liberal, and that is the holy sermon of human brotherhood emphasized by the great deep which ignores the petty surface scratchings that so obtain on land. The sea ignores and overlooks the mean distinctions that affect terrestrial society. On the mighty deep the scandal of Christian schism rises like a ghost to haunt and plague us.

The only sermon that can be preached on mid-ocean, away out there on no-man's-land and upon everybody's-water, is the sermon of the universal needs and sympathies. There the soul sees with more humiliation and greater pain than anywhere else that Protestantism has differentiated the Christianity of these United States into its one hundred and forty-seven sects and petty schisms. And the plea that came into my sermon was the same that came the week before to the venerable Doctor, the President of the Baptist Theological

School of Newton, Massachusetts. The message was the same, coming from whichever way it might, to those cradled in the arms of the relentless deep where differences fade and harmonies grow more precious. As we witness wanderers from many homes, pilgrims to different shrines, busy writing out their hearts across the stormy main to waiting ones far away, we lose our provincial pride. We catch the message of the "deep sea cables" as interpreted by Kipling, and their new word thrills along our nerves whispering, "Let us be one."

Yes, the sea prostrates the human soul with a sense of its helplessness only to lift it up again with a comforting sense of companionship. The sublime solitudes of the starlit night in mid-ocean bring a sense of fellowship with the cabin boy, and one wants to put his arms around the tar up in the lookout, lashed, when need be, to the mast, while he peers into the murky dark in order that we may be safer. On shore one may be glad, perchance, of the boundary lines that justify the phrase "our country." On the water, the thinking mind finds its flag rimmed more or less distinctly with that white band with which the Peace Society would fain teach us to rim every flag, a

recognition of the truth that, wherever the center may be, the circumference includes all. On the high seas we pine for an emblem that will represent the universal interests and the all-inclusive sympathies of man. By the ministrations of the sea the most dogmatic of Protestants becomes half Catholic, with his soul mellowed to appreciate cathedral sublimities, and the Catholic pilgrim begins, perhaps for the first time in his life, to realize the true meaning of that catholicity which has heretofore been an easy boast, but now becomes a difficult and high accomplishment of the soul.

But the ship as well as the sea it rides upon has a Sunday message. This is more easily interpreted and perhaps more welcome to the mind. A modern iron ship that speeds across the trackless waste at the rate of from sixteen to twenty knots an hour, whether the stars are out or not, is both miracle and providence. It is the wonder house of man, the latest efflorescence of the divine providence. This floating community is itself a pulsing, throbbing thing of life. It renders in hard facts and cold figures the fancy of the old Norsemen, who conceived of a sub-human order of beings that could put to sea in iron kettles and

not sink. In the modern vessel man has realized the fancied achievement of the Trolls.

This floating iron palace is a marvellous epitome of modern history and human art, perhaps the best concrete symbol of the triumph of all science and of all industry. The modern ship maximizes the man whom the sea seems to minimize. The human soul may stand erect in its full height as it walks the deck of this mighty, man-made world. Vigilant and distrustful at first, man learns in time to trust the finite providence as a part of the infinite providence. This great "greyhound of the deep" is the lineal descendant and logical outcome of the canoe of the savage. It proves and illustrates the long, hard, slow highway upon which man has travelled to his present domination. However we may read our prayer books, and whatever we may draw from the deathless phrases of our Bibles, we are compelled to realize that our iron float does not grope its way from New York to Gibraltar by any dumb instinct or through any superhuman guiding or miraculous leading.

Dull, indeed, is the mind that does not realize sooner or later in this passage the dependence of life and destiny upon the stokers, fathoms below

the luxuries of the saloon, stripped to the waist, like veritable gnomes working and writhing in Plutonic heat and darkness that the unerring pulse of the mighty machine may preserve its rhythm, as on, and on, and on, through tireless eight, ten, or twelve nights and days, it holds its purposed course. These stokers, in grime and sweat, in hellish heat and infernal air, stand to their duty hour after hour, shovelling the suffocating coal into the consuming bowels of the great creature. In these stokers at one end and the captain on the bridge at the other, least seen when there is most danger, we have a human providence ameliorating the divine providence that would otherwise be cruel, crushing, relentless, inexorable. So scrutable is this providence, so demonstrable is this power of mind over matter, that even the indolent mind of the "first-class passenger" at last comes under the spell of the ordered complexity, the indirect simplicity, and he rejoices in the exultant interpretations of the brave engineer in Kipling's "McAndrew's Hymn": —

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto — uplifted like the Just — the tail-rods mark the time.

The crank-throws give the double-bass ; the feed-pump sobs an' heaves :
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves.
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till — hear that note ? — the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the guides.
They're all awa ! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamoes.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt, an' every rate o' speed.
Fra sky-light to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced, an' stayed,
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made ;
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says :
'Not unto us the praise, or man — not unto us the praise !'
Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson — theirs an' mine :
'Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline !'
Mill, forge, an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.
Oh, for a man to weld it, then, in one trip-hammer strain,
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain !"

I have characterized, in no invidious sense, the sea as "Presbyterian," taking that word at its best. Pardon the fancy if I say that the ship has a gospel which may be characterized, in the same unscientific way, as "Unitarian." The message of either the sea or the ship alone is imperfect and inadequate to the needs of the human soul,

as we are all beginning to find out. The philosophic mind realizes that in mid-ocean John Calvin walks arm in arm with William Ellery Channing, as they will one day walk arm in arm on shore. On the deck of a great ocean steamer, Presbyterianism and Unitarianism are harmonized, the one reconciled to the other, each acknowledging the divine fact that they reach the highest accents of their own faith in the presence of the splendid statements of the other.

Taking the sea and the ship together, we find another synthesis that gives us a working religion and an inspiration to live. The sailor has ever been the forerunner of progress. The merchant-vessel that carries in its hold the handwork of the people, and in its cabins the brain of the nations, is an embodied promise as well as a magnificent realization. It is a concrete pledge of humanity to the future. This great travelling community carries within itself the organized experience and triumph of untold centuries. It represents so much of human discipline and benignant foresight that, notwithstanding the hungry maw of the mighty deep, ever crying for human bodies, statisticians tell us human life is safer on mid-ocean than in any other place on the

globe. We are safer on the mighty deep than we are in our own homes, protected by our city policemen.

This statement should provoke something more than a smile. Beneath the statistics that warrant the statement are to be found volumes of poetry and unwritten romance. What throbbing research, what magnificent triumphs of human intellect and human thought are here involved. From the time the automatic bell buoy told the dangers off Sandy Hook until the lights broke upon us from Cape St. Vincent, we were in charge of the great human providence of the North German Lloyd system, the mere figures of which appeal to the imagination beyond even the wildest descriptions in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." The story of this triumph reaches from 1857, when the first North German Lloyd steamer was given to the sea, down to the present day, when the flotilla of over a hundred vessels ploughs the waters of every zone, and its flag is known in every part of the civilized world. The story of this triumph includes the story of all science, mathematics, and the navigator's art. All that men have been able to find out about stars and lodestones, all the failures reaching

from primitive man to the present time, are worked into the safety embodied in this human providence.

Heavy clouds had hung over us for two days. For the second time the noon hour had come and no sun revealed its face, even for the moment necessary for the observation that would enable the captain to work out his reckonings; and yet, through mist and fog, on the dead reckoning of some thirty hours or more, we were pushing onward, and the captain indicated the point where we should see the lights of Cape St. Vincent some eleven hours farther on.

"Captain," I said, "would you be much surprised, this weather continuing, the dead reckoning your only resource, if to-morrow morning the lights of Cape St. Vincent should appear one point to the right, whereas you expect them one point to the left?"

The courteous old salt, straightening up in the dignity that had successfully weathered thirty years of sea wind, replied: "I should not only be surprised, sir, but very much humiliated. We will see the light right over that spot. We find our way across this sea in the dark, if necessary."

He spoke with the confidence of a master who has taken counsel of the Almighty and been admitted into the mysteries of the eternal. He had travelled the unerring road of investigation, he had profited by the experience of those who had gone before, and in his stalwart humility the splendid old German captain could say, "I know."

The first land that loomed in clear outline upon our sight was the fortress of Gibraltar, seamed and honeycombed with war and for war, and the otherwise hospitable haven was blocked with somber battleships, representing a type soon to be restudied and to receive fresh admiration. But as the merchantmen suggested the future, these grim dogs of war, for all their science and perfection, were tethered to the past. They represented the curses of the world. The warship is a magnificent embodiment of the selfishness of man. The modern ironclad is the devil's contrivance, a murdering machine raised to its highest scientific exponent. The warship represents the gospel of hate and of rivalry in its most efficient form. This malignant ship is removed by the whole diameter of morality from the benignant ship that carried me safely from New

York to Naples. My ship was in many ways a realization of the dream of the old prophet or the logic of the great Plato; it represented the synthesis that is surely breaking down the prejudices of creed and undermining war's fortifications. The white wings of commerce are also the white wings of peace, and the gospel of brotherhood is being realized through this ministry of the sea more rapidly than through the ministry of our churches. The commerce of the world is fast bringing a time when we must have an international currency, so that the coin stamped by any government within the fraternity of nations will be taken for its face value in any other country. The ship is inevitably bringing a time when there will not only be an international currency, but an international code of laws, interpreted by high international courts, to the decisions of which nations will no more think of demurring than individuals now think of appealing from the decision of the supreme courts of state or nation. The ship is bringing nation and nation into such intimate intercourse that their common interests will become more and more plain.

Through the ministrations of these ships we are also slowly coming to a universal speech.

This is nearer than we realize. With two or three languages, at the most, — indeed with but one, if he is nimble at it, — the traveller can make his way through every country of Europe and America. The English-speaking man can go where he pleases, get what he wants, and be respected and honored everywhere. Familiarity with the English, a few Latin roots, a score or two of nouns in the vernacular of the country, and you can fill the rest in with gestures, accent your wants with your shoulders, and your listeners will read in your face what they miss in your words.

But more than all this, the ship is the symbol of that coming universal sympathy among religions, that universal faith which shall rest on a very few primitive affirmations of the human soul, justified alike by science and human experience, resting there and rising, still rising into hope, trust, ideality, and faith, to match the reach and wants of any individual soul at any given time and place. The ship, if nothing else, is pronouncing the doom of sectarianism. Out of the sea there rises something that will fit the generations into the universal needs, that will fit man into the universe, his God-given home. This promise of the steamship is already

more fully realized than we can understand. Fix here the point representing the religious feelings and sympathies of the aboriginal man in his canoe, and there the point representing man with a common language and a common faith, to whom the world is none too large for a country, history none too complex to represent God's dealings with men, and literature none too broad to represent the inspirations of the race, and I will put a North German Lloyd steamship a long way beyond the half-way point from first to last. The distance to be gone over is not so great as the distance we have already travelled.

When Dr. John Henry Barrows circumnavigated the globe, he was honored as perhaps no American has ever been honored, except the great General Grant. These distinctions came to him because he was president of the great Parliament of Religions, held in 1893 upon the shores of our inland sea. He received a welcome that a missionary never before received, because he, more than any other missionary, represented a mind fair toward their religions and hospitable toward their religionists. In his studies, at least, he assumed that the road to travel was one of comparison and not of contrast, hence his welcome.

Dr. Barrows came back to us with a message, if I understand it, very like the message of the steamboat which I have been trying to interpret to you. The Parliament of Religions was itself a product of the steamship. The great Columbian Exposition was made possible only by the steamship. Surely, blessed are they now as of old who "go down into the sea in ships," for they make plain the will of the Almighty, and they reveal to the human heart its way to God.

Let me not do the preacher's violence to the lesson of the sea. I remember McAndrew's indignation in Kipling's hymn. The sea is enamored of science, and the triumphs of thought are exemplified thereby. It teaches us to be no more hospitable to the believer than to the heretic; the martyr to science as well as the martyr to the church is gloried thereby. As the captain of the good ship *Ems* gave me some glimpses of his familiarity with the stars and confided to me his familiar confidences in them, I saw how Galileo and Copernicus were justified in the steamship. February 17, 1900, marked three hundred years since Giordano Bruno, the student of the sea and of the stars, the maker of globes, the explorer of Nature, was burned in Rag Market

Square in Rome. The belated bronze statue erected "by the young men of the University of Italy, assisted by civic Italy," in the same square in which he was burned nearly three hundred years ago, testifies to the fact that he also is recognized as a member of this inclusive church of the sea whose waters wash all continents, whose waves sooner or later claim the ashes of all heroes, and, through the mystic circuit of the clouds, green the graves of all that is human.

A DAY IN GLASTONBURY

And on another day there passed that road
A band of tinselled girls, the nautch-dancers
Of Indra's temple in the town, with those
Who made their music — one that beat a drum
Set round with peacock-feathers, one that blew
The piping bansuli, and one that twitched
A three-string sitar. Lightly tripped they down
From ledge to ledge and through the chequered paths
To some gay festival, the silver bells
Chiming soft peals about the small brown feet,
Armlets and wrist-rings tattling answer shrill;
While he that bore the sitar thrummed and twanged
His threads of brass, and she beside him sang —

" — Fair goes the dancing when the sitar's tuned ;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high,
And we will dance away the hearts of men.

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."

So sang the nautch-girl to the pipe and wires,
Fluttering like some vain, painted butterfly
From glade to glade along the forest path,
Nor dreamed her light words echoed on the ear
Of him, that holy man, who sate so rapt
Under the fig tree by the path. But Buddh
Lifted his great brow as the wantons passed,
And spake: "The foolish ofttimes teach the wise;
I strain too much this string of life, belike,
Meaning to make such music as shall save.
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,
My strength is waned now that my need is most;
Would that I had such help as man must have,
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope."

EDWIN ARNOLD, in *The Light of Asia.*

A DAY IN GLASTONBURY

> The string o'erstretched breaks and the music flies;
> The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
> Tune us the sitar neither low nor high.
>
> EDWIN ARNOLD.

IT was a memorable day, a perfect July day in Somersetshire. A long dreamy ride from Bristol to High Bridge through the ragged and fascinating country that fringes the Bristol Channel; thence across the prairie-like stretches of peat-country, and I was in sight of Glastonbury, — Glastonbury, the town in all England which, in spite of the scientific research and realistic handling of our day, is still the land of chivalric legend and sacred lore. The Glastonbury country to the bards of English poetry and Celtic lore is preëminently poetry land.

Glastonbury is perhaps the town in all England that is most enveloped in tradition, myth, legend, and fancy at this day. It disputes with Winchester and Canterbury the honor of being the earliest seat of primitive Christianity on the

island. Here, the Glastonbury partisan claims, was reared the first Christian altar in Britain. Local tradition fondly teaches that the gospel was brought here in apostolic times. There is a pretty legend that the Jewish priests, fearing the growing power of Jesus' name, placed Lazarus, Mary, Martha, Marcella their servant, and Joseph of Arimathea, — that Joseph who gave thoughtful care to his Master's dead body, — and others in a vessel without sail or oars, and pushed it out into the Mediterranean. The winds drifted them far away, not into a watery grave but to the shores of France, and they were safely landed at Marseilles. Here most of the party remained to preach the gospel, but Joseph with his son and ten other faithful companions sailed farther on and reached Britain. Somewhere on the shores of Bristol Channel they landed, and pushed forward to the first highlands to the east. After reaching the top of the hill, Joseph, in great weariness, stuck his cane, a thorn stick, into the ground and lay down to sleep. The next day he went into the beautiful valley below and began the erection of a chapel, building it of twisted alders and willows, and covering it with rushes. This wattled chapel grew through the

centuries to be the great Glastonbury Abbey, the most extensive ecclesiastical structure ever reared on British soil. The thorn stick took root, and hastened miraculously to bear its first blossoms on the Christmas Day near by. It came to be the far-famed Glastonbury thorn that to this day, according to the assertion of the faithful in the neighborhood, buds and blossoms at Christmas time. The hill whereon it was first planted is now known, in local phrase, as "Werrill-'ill," a contraction of "Weary-all-hill." The fair legends tell us that a stalwart soldier in the time of Charles I, finding this thorn tree the object of so much Catholic superstition and reverence, undertook to cut it down, but the axe glanced and cut his leg, and the chip flew into his face. This evidence of divine displeasure led the radical to desist. Some years later a bolder man, one of Cromwell's Roundheads, dared cut the tree entirely down, and when the old stump had rotted away, a stone was placed to mark the spot. It is said that it still remains and bears the inscription,

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that is to say, Joseph of Arimathea, the year of our Lord thirty-one. But even then the tree was not conquered. It had been so often propagated by cuttings and grafts that nearly every thorn tree in that part of the country is now believed by some one to be the lineal descendant of this apostolic walking-stick. Bristol was the Chicago of early England, famed for its commercial enterprise, and its merchants created a thriving trade in the hawthorn leaves and buds from Glastonbury.

This town is not only rich in a long series of pious legends such as I have given you, but it is also the home of the most beautiful cycle of love legends and tales of chivalry to be found in the literature of the world, the cycle which is itself the foundation of much that is best in modern romance and poetry. To the great abbey of Glastonbury King Arthur and his knights used to come on holy pilgrimage from Caerleon. Into these cloistered retreats they retired for meditation and spiritual edification. Not far from here was the Amesbury nunnery, to which the penitent Queen Guinevere fled, and within whose walls she sought to remove the stains of guilt by prayer and gentle service. Near here was Avalon, the Isle of Apples, to which the three queens

rowed the wounded and dying king, where he should be healed of his wounds, and whence he should return to his own people. Beneath the altar of this abbey is the fabled grave of the great Arthur, and beside him, united to him in death, was laid, according to the story, the fair though erring Queen Guinevere. Perhaps in our critical moods we should have small sympathy with all this background of myth, miracle, and legend; but on that beautiful summer afternoon, it gave great enlargement of heart and quickening of mind to one who forgot the quiet landscape as he luxuriated in the tropic foliage which had grown upon the tree of life planted in the fertile soil of the human heart.

But a truce to legend. I entered Glastonbury, which I found to be a little town of less than four thousand people, about noon on a gala day. It was a half-holiday. The band was out. A procession of four hundred children and as many adults was finding its way into the park. Banners were flying, horns blowing; country people in delightful diversity of costume, age, and interest, were flocking into the town. It was "Band of Hope Day." The red ribbon organizations for many miles around had come in to take part

in the demonstration. It was a temperance festival, the Englishman's attempt to combine innocent pleasure with moral influence. This discovery made me feel much at home. Here was a nineteenth century reform agitating the sluggish atmosphere of a mediæval town, a living issue echoing 'mid ancient ruins. Of course on that particular day it was easy to find the Temperance Inn. Here I promptly "booked" myself and dined on the inevitable mutton-chop and bread and milk, the only available bill of fare in most of the small English towns for one without a bibulous appetite. Dinner being over, I hastened to explore the town. I found the gatekeeper of the abbey, obtained the key, and took my first hurried view of the magnificent ruins. Possessing myself of a veritable twig of the holy thorn, and placing it in my buttonhole, I joined the picnickers in the park which had been carved out of the spacious grounds that once surrounded the abbot's palace. The Avalon band was playing Sankey tunes; the little girls were already at "blind-man's-buff" and "pussy-wants-a-corner." Children's games seem not to change with time or country. Young men were wrangling over the intricacies of the "American rules"

of base-ball. The old men, awkward in Sunday clothes, made very conscious of themselves by their red ribbon badges, were telling stories over their pipes, while matrons were busy replenishing the treasury of the Band of Hope by supplying an ever increasing demand for tea, buns, and biscuits at the penny-a-piece counter. I was perhaps a hundred miles away from the nearest person that knew my name or voice, and nearly half the width of the globe stretched between me and mine, yet I was no stranger, and I entered heartily into the festival. I undertook to conceal my foreign relationship. My shoes, coat, hat, umbrella, and even pocket-handkerchief were genuine English products but recently purchased from the shelves of John Bull. I bought the buns, ate the indigestible tarts, tried to say "ha'penny" with the local accent, and even drank a cup of tea, against my habit; but it was of no use, I was found out at every turn. Every one within hearing stared at me whenever I spoke. At length a fatherly man with an unquestionably clerical air made cordial advances, introducing himself as pastor of the Wesleyan chapel, whereupon I frankly confessed to him that I was an American, a minister, and that I lived in Chicago.

He coolly replied that he had thought as much. I found him a large-minded, liberal man, deeply imbued with what he called "the American idea," and well informed concerning our weaknesses as well as our strength. He was profoundly interested in the temperance reform and not unmindful of the many questions connected therewith. He envied our freedom from what he called "the burden of English life, the Publics," and the reputable tippling thereat, which absorbed, he said, a fearful percentage of the energies of laboring men and women of his country. But he did not forget that I was there as a tourist and not as a reformer, and soon he turned aside to gratify my interest in the antiquities and ruins of the place. Non-conformist as he was, I found him an intelligent student of the local antiquities and ecclesiastical traditions of the place. He told me a strange story of the way in which the present owner had come into possession of these great ruins. About one hundred years ago, he said, a young lad of a good family was convicted of stealing some geese, for which crime he was banished to Australia. There the youthful convict determined to make the most of the situation. In a busy lifetime he amassed an immense fortune,

the bulk of which he offered to the British government for the purpose of visiting his birthplace, of being accepted again as a citizen in his native land, and being permitted to lay his bones in native soil. With characteristic inflexibility the offer was refused. This lonely exile next sought to dispel something of his homesickness by inducing a kinsman, a young nephew, to go to him in Australia. In this attempt he was successful, and on dying he left his entire fortune to this lad, who had been willing to confess his kinship with a transported man. In due time the heir returned with his wealth, purchased the extensive grounds containing the ruins, once the property of the Roman church, and devoted his wealth to preserving what was left of the great structures, and making them beautiful accessories to a stately home. This heir was, according to the story, as I remember it, one of the forbears of the honorable mayor of the town.

Finding me an apt listener, the Methodist parson proposed to become my guide, and introduce me to some of the interesting architectural remains. He led me away from the merry crowd. Half a mile up a bewildering lane we came to the "abbot's barn," as it is now called, though

it was once the granary of the abbey. It is a curious building ornamented with characteristic and grotesque stone carvings.

The laborers were busy filling it with the fragrant new-mown hay. There it stood, solid, strong, and, with the exception of the new slate roof, much the same as when it was finished by the hands of those wonderful stone-masons of the fourteenth century, looking as if it were good for six hundred years longer. From there I was led back to the "abbot's kitchen," a small stone quadrangular building with an octangular stone roof ending in a great stone lantern seventy feet above the ground. In each corner there was a massive fireplace, each one of which was large enough to roast an ox, and, as if to remind even the cooks that the most menial work ought in their hands to be sanctified, there were the fonts for the holy water within easy reach of each hearth. My friend told me the popular story that this kitchen was built in answer to the insolent demand of Henry VIII, that the abbot, in defiance of his vows, should divert the property from the service of the church of Rome. The king accompanied his order with the threat that in case of refusal he would burn the kitchen down

over its owner's head. The abbot's reply was, "I will build a kitchen that cannot be burned." But my scholarly guide said that the architectural authorities place the building as far back as 1340. If this be true, for five hundred years that stonework has stood, a testimony of faithful workmanship, the admiration and despair of modern architects, making the nineteenth century Oxford proud to reproduce in one of its laboratory buildings an exact model, on a smaller scale, of this abbot's kitchen built in mediæval Glastonbury.

We hear much talk of the church of the future. When, with our boasted advancement, we come to have such a living faith in our gospel, such a hold on the future as had the church of the fourteenth century; when we build our very kitchens to the glory of God, build them to stand the shock of centuries, then we may hope to become a power over men's lives; then, indeed, will come the new Catholic church, and our altars will be the consecrated shrines of posterity.

But our afternoon was slipping away. The sun was already growing golden in the west. The fragrance of the new-mown hay, even the Sunday calm over all the world, did not warrant me in holding my guide longer from his social

duties, and so we turned toward the picnic-ground. We heard from afar the merry laugh, and anon the excellent band was discoursing music, now classic, now martial. We had scarcely entered the park gate when my Methodist guide encountered an irate parishioner. His unkempt hair stood on end as he awkwardly held his cap under his arm. His face was white with excitement; his voice, never of the musical kind, was hard and husky with indignation. His dress seemed to fit the kind of deaconship which, under the new dispensation as well as the old, is both the terror and the stay of the shepherd of souls.

"Well, sur, what great goin's on there 'as been 'ere, sur, since you left. I 'ave been lookin' for you, sur!"

"Why, w'at's 'appened?" questioned my guide, whose culture could not save his h's in so unexpected an emergency.

"'Appened, 'appened, sur! a deal 'as 'appened, afore you come, sur! See there, sur!" pointing to his buttonhole. "There's no red ribbon there, sur! No, sur, I 'ave 'ad it off, sur! Yes, sur, I 'ave flung it to the ground, sur! I did, sur! I doan't want no more red ribbon on my coat! No, sur, I doan't, sur!"

"Why, Mr. 'Ull, what can the matter be?" said my ministerial friend, anxiously.

"Matter, sur! matter, sur! they'se been an' danced, sur, right here on the ground! Yes, sur, they were dancin' just now afore you come, sur! And they'd be dancin' since, sur, if they didn't see you. I toald 'em what I thought on't. I gave 'em to know my mind, sur. I toald 'em I'd lay the matter afore you, sur, and now I'm goin' 'ome, sur! No red ribbon'll stand atween me and my religion, sur!"

The face of my Methodist friend was a study, and I was busy in watching his face and trying to control my lawless risibles. On the outside his face was Methodistic, as it ought to have been, but just below the surface I was quite sure it was humanitarian, and the difference between the things he was thinking and the words he was trying to speak must have been quite as marked. "Aw, I am sorry to 'ear that, but they promised me not to dance, you know. I told the band they must not play dancing music," he replied.

"But you might 'a' knowed it. I toald the com'mittee what they might expect when they got them players. They're al'ays playin' the divil's tunes. There isn't a professor of religion in the 'ole lot," broke in the irate deacon.

"Aw-aw-well, Mr. 'Ull," replied the parson, in a conciliatory tone, "they are fine players; it is the best band in the neighborhood, and it is natural for young people to like good music, you know. Besides, the temperance people can afford to —" but before the milder philosophy of the preacher brother could be further stated, the church militant broke in again.

"No, sur, temperance can't afford to turn their backs on Jesus Christ. That's what I says, and I say it 'ere, though it be to a helder! When it comes to Jesus Christ or temperance, I takes Jesus Christ every time."

The elder looked puzzled; but out of the corners of his eyes he looked at me, and I thought he felt amused. He tried once more. "Aw-aw, Mr. 'Ull, I don't think it's so bad. You know, young people will feel a bit jolly on the green, you know."

"Ah, that's it, sur! that's it, sur! I knows 'ow it is. They begins on the green and ends in the 'all. That's the way of it, sur. I'm goin' 'ome. You need never ax temperance of me again. I'm through with the red ribbon, sur."

The problem was beginning to be an interesting one. Yielding to the preacher's weakness, I

ventured to put in my word and said, "But, friend, if you cannot get these young people all the way into the kingdom at once, is it not well to start them in that direction? You would rather see them dance sober than drunk, would you not? Even Jesus Christ cannot do anything for the soul of a man while he is drunk. The red ribbon may encourage them along to the point where the church can take hold of them," but I was allowed to go no further, for in broke our class-leader:—

"No, sur; no, sur, not according to my reck'-nin'. More men go to 'ell sober every day than they ever goes drunk. And if a man is to live without Jesus Christ, I doan't care how many drinks he takes or what deviltry he's up to. It's all the same in the end. I tell you, stranger, it's the church or nothing. It's what I said when that Hamerican man was lecturin' 'ere last winter. The church is good enough temperance for me. Put Jesus Christ first, and then you doan't need your red ribbons and your pledges. There was no red ribbon when I was a young man. I never went to dancin' as they do now-a-days. In them days 'ymn tunes were good enough for 'ollidays. I am goin' 'ome. Good-

day, sur. I am goin' 'ome, sur!" And he went.

The faithful circuit rider waited until the deacon was out of hearing, and then heaved a sigh, gave me a sad, weary smile, extended his hand, and said, "Well, my friend, I must go and see what I can do with these good people."

I said, "I think I understand your problems and burdens. The sea lies between your home and mine, but I think our work is very like." Our hands met, we looked for a moment into each other's eyes. I think if we had spoken another word or spent another moment together, the tears might have come, but the soul is shy and we both took prompt alarm and sought shelter behind the commonplace. "Good-by," I said. "When you come to Chicago, come and see me."

"Indeed, I will. I often think I would like to see your America, but it is not likely I ever will. I have a large family of children to support, sir, and there is not much left for travel. Good-by," and off he went to try to induce the Avalon band to play slower music, I suppose.

I turned to climb "Tor Hill," a grim height that rises five hundred feet above the town. Perchance it is the green land that suggested the

name Glastonbury, if the Cambrian etymology is correct, *Glas* being the Welsh word for green. It was probably the headland that attracted the early missionary, Joseph of Arimathea, or another messenger of progress, across the low, marshy land. In the early days of mediæval devotion, this cone-like mount was covered with a dense forest and frequented by wolves and bears. On its summit adventurous monks erected a cross and dedicated it to St. Michael, the militant angel. Thither they climbed at sunset, going together in bands that they might better resist the attack of wild beasts, and there they told their beads and chanted their litanies with the inspiring prospect before them, the spirit of adventure giving zest to the spirit of devotion. The crucifix grew into a shrine, the shrine into a chapel, the chapel into a stately church. The church fell into disuse. Local tradition loves to relate that an earthquake destroyed the most of it five centuries ago. Only a quaint, solid old tower remains. In the mellow twilight of that July evening I found it a most interesting study of architecture, but a still more absorbing study of religion. Over the entrance were crudely cut two rude but vigorous bas-reliefs, one represent-

ing St. Michael holding a pair of scales, with the book in one pan and a much dilapidated devil with horns, hoofs, and forked tail in the other. Of course the latter pan was the lighter; the book outweighed the devil. The other carving was the image of a woman milking a cow, a realistic suggestion of the pure milk of the gospel. The forest is gone. The side of the hill is naked except so much of it as lends itself reluctantly to tillage, and patches of copse-like undergrowths threaded with shepherd by-paths. From that hill one looks out upon one of the most beautiful views in all England. It has a sweep scarcely less extensive than that of an Iowa prairie, but instead of the meagerness and monotony of our western plains, every acre is packed with the variety and wealth of an old civilization. The landscape is mapped by green hedges, and well-bred herds of noble cattle stand belly-deep in clover. There are sheep, whitening orchards, and green meadows on every hand; whitewashed stone cottages cluster around stately manor-houses; half a dozen hamlets more or less thrifty can be counted in either one of the four views, each one resting upon a deep deposit of human history, each one subsisting upon the precious leaf-mould

of human experience, which, if intelligently subsoiled by any one of us unballasted children of a day in this unhistoric new world, would make serious our flippancy, make thoughtful the thoughtless radicalism of our times. I looked beyond the winding blue, across the valley to the "Weary-all-hill," and saw the waves of British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman life break at the foot of this stable landmark to passing men. Each one of these advancing columns had bent the knee at the religious shrine in the valley below. Here, as nowhere else in England, these rude, half-barbarous, sensual, envious, and war-like marauders unloosed the thongs that fastened the shields to their arms, and laid aside spear and helmet, while they tried to chasten their souls by whispering holy words and lisping the sacred names of God, yet scarcely that. They were too low in the scale of being to feel the kinship between their souls and the Oversoul. They poorly felt that they themselves were a part of the All-in-All, and so they took not often the God-name, but a poorer word than God, and fixed their eyes upon some human image of the Ineffable, the sorrowing man of Nazareth, the Mary mother, the gentle Saint John, or the rugged Saint Peter.

In the gathering gloom of that summer night, history spread itself before me in an expanse vaster than the landscape. The centuries rose and fell before the eye of my mind as did the hills before my bodily eye, and these century-fields, like the fields before me, were covered with waving grain and nodding orchards. They were mapped as the farms were, with serpentine hedges marking disputed boundaries and enclosing coveted possessions. I recalled the eloquent words of the historian Freeman: —

"On any showing Glastonbury is a tie between the Briton and the Englishman, between the older Christianity of our island and the newer, — the one church of the first rank which lived through the storm of English conquest, which passed into the hands of our victorious fathers, as a trophy of victory undestroyed and unplundered. There is no other spot in Britain which, like this, gathers around it all the memories of the older and the newer dwellers in the land. Glastonbury in its ruined state still keeps a charm which does not belong to the mother church at Canterbury or to the royal abbey at Westminster."

How alive did the old stories become! I remembered the loyal Whiting, the stalwart abbot who resisted the demand for an irrational service,

and refused to Henry VIII the allegiance which was sworn to another, an act which finally led to his being hanged and quartered, his head decorating his own abbey gate on the 15th day of November, 1539, and fragments of his body being sent to bleach on the walls of the neighboring cathedrals and abbeys at Wells, Ilchester, Bath, and Bridgewater. Such were the thoughts that surged through my brain, and in the brilliant twilight I wrote in my note-book, "Great is man, but how much greater is humanity."

As I closed my book, the sweet music from the park was wafted up the heights to my ears, and alas! the fears of the nervous deacon were only too well founded. In spite of the bargainings of the parson for slow music, the rill of merriment was evidently becoming a brook; the brook was deepening into a stream that was surely sweeping the entire picnic into quick time. Immediately all the antiquities and reflections that clustered around the place fell from me, and I was seized with a desire to see more of the picnic. The dead Glastonbury at my feet, with all its mystic glory, gave way to the living Glastonbury ringing in my ears.

I turned to descend, but had gone but a few

steps when I found that Tor Hill had two visitors that night. Another besides myself had climbed to see the sunset and had left the picnickers behind. He proved to be a man with a book, a "jeweller's apprentice," he said; and when I expressed my surprise that he was not at the park, he said, apologetically, that he was "accustomed of a pleasant evening to climb this fine 'ill and to read a bit. It is so quiet-like, and hit's easier to understand a bit of stiff readin' up here than down below among the shopkeepers and drinkin' people." "What is your book?" Half hesitatingly, with a guilty accent, he said, with the characteristic drawl which seems to go with English culture, "Aw-aw, sir, it is a book of lectures to workingmen by a chap of the name of Huxley." He had of late been reading a bit of that kind, though most of the time he read history, but he thought it was no harm to read such books as Mr. Tyndall's and this one. But he thought it a "pity to spend much time, you know, on poetry, novels, and suchlike." He was delighted to meet one all the way from America. He had always wanted to know more about that country. I invited questions, but the opportunity made him awk-

ward again, and he tried to bridge the chasm with some more of the "A-a-ws" over which all English thought runs. Finally this rural student seized his chance and said eagerly:—

"I say, sir, 'aven't you a chap over there by the name of Hemerson?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. He was America's greatest thinker when he lived."

"And is Mr. Hemerson dead?"

"Yes, he died last April."

"I have seen a good bit from his books here and there, and I always thought I would like to read them. And he is dead, is he? Aw, I'm sorry!"

This was the finest compliment to America that I found in all England before or after. I tried hard to repay him by telling him all that I could in ten minutes of that noble product of the nineteenth century; who he was, what he wrote, and what he did for the world. Before I left him he warmly assured me that come next pay-day he would 'ave the "Conduct of Life" to "taste 'im a bit, and if I like 'im, you may be sure I will not stop until I 'ave them all." Then realizing the rashness of the promise, he modified it by saying: "Exceptin' the poetry; I don't think I will 'ave use for that. Do you

know, I don't think that belongs to the nineteenth century. There are facts enough for men to live on nowadays." He showed me a shorter way to the village, a footpath through a field of barley ripening for the sickle. Again I wrote in my note-book, "Human nature beneath its varying garbs of country and language is strangely akin everywhere." Half-way through the barley field I came upon a pair of lovers sitting upon a stile, just as they do in the poetry books. They looked confused and a little ashamed, but they stayed right on, just as they do out of the books in life. I did not disturb them. Once more I thought, "How wonderfully alike is human nature everywhere."

The evening was far spent when I entered the village. The picnickers were coming home, headed by the band playing double-quick time. I met them on the edge of the village, four or five hundred boys and girls, young men and young women, old men and old women, pouring down through the middle of the broad street, mad with jollity; the boys turning handsprings, rolling down the street like cart wheels; little girls skipping; everybody moving in rhythm, many dancing as they went. Some of the musicians

found time to put in double steps to their double-quick time. The drummer boy was throwing in extra taps on the side of his drum with the other end of his drumsticks in peculiar fashion. The color bearer, carrying aloft long, flowing clusters of red ribbon, swung his staff like a musician's baton, and double shuffled it as he went. He looked as if he might have taken similar steps in days gone by, in surroundings less wholesome, under an inspiration less spiritual, though more spirituous. Young men and young women "heeled and toed" it on the pavement. Sober maidens locked arms and "hippity-hopped" in perfect time with the music. I was caught in the tide and was carried along with it a willing prisoner. Dancing is not one of my accomplishments; my education in that direction was neglected, but I blithely skipped along in that moonlight jollity. For want of a better companion, I first danced with my umbrella, but soon a little boy seized the other end of it, others sought my hands, and the little boys and girls clambered around me, a dozen deep, and we tilted along right merrily, unconscious of any alien barriers. We were friends and acquaintances, made so by the common innocence of a common joy, united by the subtle chain of harmonious and pleasing sounds.

This was the happiest, brightest scene I found in England. It was about the only picture of "Merry England" that was granted me. I wished Washington Irving might rise from the grave to see it, that he might add another chapter to his "Sketch Book."

But how the deacon, that valiant champion of puritanic piety, must have groaned in his bed as he heard that tide of merriment sweep by, and oh, what a world of trouble did that half-holiday bring to my new-found friend, the Wesleyan circuit rider; what solemn disciplinings in the class-room, what penitent confessions, what rebellious back-slidings and definite expulsions must have followed that jollity! The procession broke up in the public square, in the very center of which, of course, stood the historic stone cross, another landmark come down from undated times. What wild waves of passion had broken and been stilled at the foot of this cross in ages gone!

The crowd dispersed, and in half an hour beautiful Glastonbury was wrapped in the beauty and quiet of midnight, lit up by the full splendor of the harvest moon. I sought my room, but it was too rare a night to sleep, too great an opportunity; my one day in a lifetime at Glastonbury, —

Glastonbury enshrined in the memories and legends of King Arthur and the Round Table. Again I sought the street. I rapped at the door of the old lady who kept the key to the abbey ruins. Cautiously she crept out of bed and timidly opened the door. I begged to be admitted to the ruins for a while. The dear old lady was first dazed by the impudence of the request, but afterward, warmed and cheered by the silver placed in her hand, she said: "It's against horders, Mister, but being as you are all the way from Hamerica you may takes the key and stays as long as iver you like, and leave the key under the door 'ere when you go away. I often says to the master as 'ow Hamericans are the nicest friends as ever come to the habbey. They shows it a deal more respect than our own peoples do."

Oh, shall I ever forget that wonderful hour among those beautiful ruins in the dead of night when all Glastonbury was asleep, save myself and a few favored sheep that were quietly grazing among the beautiful ruins? Again the past rolled over me. The mind opened to a sense of the majestic extent of these ruins, vast in space as in time. Forty acres were once covered by

the buildings of this abbey. The minster itself measured through its long aisle five hundred and ninety-four feet, a hundred feet longer than any other in England, ninety-four feet longer than the Agricultural Building in the Court of Honor at the World's Fair in Chicago. The broken pillars towered up seventy feet, and still the pointed arch was gone. The winds, as if anxious to hide the shame caused by the ruthless hand of man, had sown the top of the unroofed walls, forty or fifty feet above where the sheep were grazing, with the spores of ferns and the seeds of the rose, and Nature had grown a matted hedge up there. I sat upon one of the many stone coffins where once was laid, perchance, a holy friar, with the wand of the sacred thorn by his side, and I recalled Lord Houghton's sonnet written to Tintern : —

"The men who called their passion piety,
And wrecked this noble argosy of faith, —
They little thought how beauteous could be death,
How fair the face of time's ay-deepening sea !
Nor arms that desolate, nor years that flee,
Nor hearts that fail, can utterly deflower
This grassy floor of sacramental power,
Where we now stand communicants, even we,
We of this latter, still Protestant age,
With priestly ministrations of the sun

> And moon and multitudinous choir of stars,
> Maintain this consecration, and assuage
> With tender thoughts the part of weary wars,
> Masking with good that ill which cannot be undone."

Back of these architectural and ecclesiastical relics and reminiscences we come upon the deeper lesson of the human soul. It brings to mind Buddha's doctrine of balances. The experiences of the day suggest the text: —

> "The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
> The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
> Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."

In the early days of the abbey, its inmates sought relief from intemperance and the appetites of the flesh by the severe asceticism of the East. Like their prototypes of Egypt, they slept on sloping boards lest they might rest too sweetly. They ate with their hoods turned forward lest they might look into one another's faces. They might not speak to one another save in the discharge of religious duties. Thirty-six times in the twenty-four hours were the monks of Glastonbury summoned to their prayers. But

> "The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies,"

and there grew up the lust of power and the greed of wealth which made the abbey gorgeous. The Saxon Ina garnished its altars in the seventeenth century, so says an old chronicle, with 2640 pounds weight of silver and 264 pounds of gold. Again the "string o'erstretched" broke and the music flew. The bishop defiantly met Edward I and his wife, and refused admission to the abbey save as penitents and suppliants. Again,

> "The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies."

Instead of denials of the flesh came conviviality, gluttony, and all the crimes of the flesh.

In the glory days of the abbey, religion recognized the value of symbols, and men sought outward expression to inward faith by embodying their devotions in stone. All their creative energy, much of the zeal, poetry, and the revenue of generations of that Somerset country were precipitated in the stone walls of Glastonbury. But there is a faith in the human heart that outleaps and overreaches even the most brilliant flight of Gothic art. There is a hunger in the human soul that groined arches, however beautiful, cannot satisfy. And so this minster, abbey,

and cathedral, meant for the elevation and enlargement of religion, became its doleful tomb.

"The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies."

Then came the Protestant reaction, putting the emphasis where it belongs, on intangible verities and immaterial realities. But the Protestants, too, forgot the divine law of balance. Their "string o'erstretched" broke, and its music died, for they brought a contempt for art, a disrespect for culture, a wicked devastation of the results of human labor, of human thought and feeling; and so, to the great shame of Protestantism and the incalculable loss of civilization, these great structures of Glastonbury for two hundred years or more were the unhallowed quarries that furnished stones for the small uses of the town. One writer affirms that scarcely a building was erected for over a hundred years in that neighborhood but was partly or wholly built of abbey stones. The six-mile road from Glastonbury to Wells, over which I walked the next morning, was turnpiked with stones from some of the most beautiful portions of these matchless structures, and the work of devastation did not end here. A still greater vandalism was perpetrated

by Protestant England. The library and the many other noble projections of Catholic devotion to learning had to go. A writer, visiting it only sixteen years before its destruction by the zealots of a purer, perhaps, but a narrower faith, said: "No sooner had I crossed the threshold of the library than the sight of so many ancient works struck my mind with devout astonishment, so that I even drew back amazed." But all this had to go.

"The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies."

I am sure you will no more fail than I did that night among the ruins, to bring the lesson down to date. We can but think of our well-meaning deacon, that unhappy representative of a faith too dyspeptic, who that day in his great loyalty to his Christ missed so much of the Jesus joy and the Christly instinct; who in his severe devotion to duty outreached the Scribes and Pharisees in his unrighteous righteousness. In rebuking the innocent outpourings of youthful life he denies the skylark instincts of the soul that seeks affinity with the sunlight and pours forth in "unpremeditated art" the joyousness native to the human heart.

"The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies."

The overslack string of religious complacency and indifference to morals besotted the church. The overstretched string of bigotry and other-worldliness of the church besotted society, drove innocent amusement into the company of vicious habits, and compelled the suppressed life to overflow the narrow confines of the church, until it was caught in the eddies of uncontrolled dissipation. The church with its theology, its non-human sociology, drove amusement into the camps of debauchery, and ripened merriment into dissipation. The moral string, o'erstretched by Puritanism, o'erslacked by the Establishment, has made Great Britain one of the most drunken countries in the world.

At the first visit made on Scotch soil by my friend and myself, we were invited to take a glass of whiskey, and that in a minister's home; and this instance was the rule and not the exception. Everywhere the measure of one's hospitality is mainly estimated by the amount of liquid refreshment tendered. Every railway station in England is a saloon, where fair-faced and clear-eyed women are kept busy pumping (the faucet is too slow) the dull broth that is imbibed in such

quantities by high and low that it makes sour and petulant the otherwise sunny disposition of wives, and heavy, unsympathetic, and selfish the husbands in all classes.

But this lesson from Glastonbury has an American application. Here in America, as in the sunny vales of Somersetshire, is there not danger that the church in its rigidity may become a hindrance to the temperance reform? The cold corners of the churches, with their sacred doors safely locked six days of the week, drive our young men, with hearts warm with human instincts and the humane thirst for companionship, across the way into that other corner room, warm, brilliantly lighted, winsome in geniality and music, in search of that which it ought to be the business of the church to supply, and neglecting which the church joins in the recruiting service of the saloon. For the saloons are sustained by the disordered necessities, the unadministered sanctities of human nature, which it is the business of the church to gratify and direct. It ought to be the business of religion through the church to thwart the saloon by taking away its legitimate business. Oh, who will "tune for us the sitar" here in America "neither low nor high,"

so that it may make music to dance away the clouds of wretchedness from this people? Here, if anywhere, must we seek that happy poise, that tuning of the life strings neither high nor low, that shall make the amenities of life ethical, the duties of life pleasurable; that shall teach the deacons not only to consent to but to lead in the innocent dance, and teach the dancers to appreciate the phrases of the deacon better than he does himself, because they will be practising the joy that his religion professes; they will be the life that he talks about, will realize the usefulness that he misses.

At the present time the church and the saloon are drawn in open contest, armed antagonism, direct opposition. So long as the contest is drawn indiscriminately, as it now is, it requires no prophet to foresee that the church will fight a losing battle, that it will be engaged in a hopeless warfare. Science and legislation, as well as the doctor and the policeman, even though they all make common cause with the preacher who hurls his anathemas at the wine-bibber, can make no successful headway against the social instincts of human nature, the passion of the heart for companionship, the imperative necessity of the mind

for recreation. The nervous system must be allowed recoil, and as long as the saloons of our cities are the only forces which recognize this fact as fundamental, they will be on the winning side. And with due apprehension of their horrible business, with unutterable recoil from their wretched traffic, I say they win because they make common cause with a sacred necessity of the human soul. So long as our churches bar their doors to the amenities of life, so long as they are sacred refrigerators of the spirit, consecrated to dogma and dedicated to a seventh-day sanctity, locking out the birdlike instincts of the soul, the summer life of the heart, they are making common cause with the saloons they are trying to defeat. They are manufacturing the conditions which alone make the American saloon a possibility. There are many helps in this struggle with inebriety, and I value them all. My motto is: "Join every temperance society, work with every organization. Be the ribbon white or red, the order secret or open, be the temperance union with a 'W' or without it, with a 'C' or without it, I am with it." But we must never forget that the real significance of life is ever found within; that a circumference is impossible

without a centre; that no music is too quick that can find young blood to keep time with it; that no dance is too joyous that reflects the chaste elasticity of happy hearts. Such hearts, tuned to the sitar that is neither high nor low, will all the more readily hear the wails of suffering humanity borne to them by every passing breeze. Such will listen to the groans of depraved men and women that burden our day and night. Not until we tune our church strings, as our heart strings, to this fine tension shall we strike the melody of that temperance that makes men and not fanatics, lovers of soul and not slaves of creeds. Then we shall build churches that will seek to make clean bodies for pure souls, that will regard everything as intoxicating that does not contribute to steadiness of nerve, vigor of muscle, and clearness of brain. The one inebriated man on the Glastonbury green was the good deacon, drunk with dogma; his very phrases were the profane utterances of one intoxicated, not with the water of life, but with the alcohol of bigotry. Let us seek ever to apply the lesson of the nautch girl through the church, as the organized social life of the soul; through the home, as the divine unit of society, the nest wherein the spirit

develops its useful powers and the soul learns to use its wings; and through the individual heart and mind, the final sanctity of religion, the ultimate shrine, the fane of God, greater than Glastonbury, the real home of the King Arthurs and the Guineveres, the tilting ground of the Galahads and Launcelots of the human heart, the new Chivalry that is coming, the Knights of the Round Table that is to be.

GUIDE–BOARDS

Christian. — Is this the way to the Celestial City?

Shepherds. — You are just in your way.

Christian. — How far is it thither?

Shepherds. — Too far for any but those that shall get thither indeed.

Christian. — Is the way safe or dangerous?

Shepherds. — Safe for those to whom it is to be safe, "but transgressors shall fall therein."

Christian. — Is there in this place any relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?

Shepherds. — The lord of these mountains hath given us a charge "not to be forgetful to entertain strangers"; therefore the good of the place is before you.

— From the "Pilgrim's Progress."

GUIDE-BOARDS

For many years I have wanted to write the sermon of the guide-board. The purpose has grown strong during each summer ride through the country, but my courage, until now, has always failed me when I came back to the city environment and realized that my listeners find their travel ways chiefly by aid of the railway guide and the time-table. Few of my city friends know the perplexities of the country road, because few venture beyond the distance of a carriage drive from a railway station. Or if, perchance, the wheel has made one heroic, and he aspires to a century run, he puts a cycling map in his pocket and goes wherever the map indicates the best roads.

But as yet not all of life, perhaps not even the best of life, goes by rail. He is practically untravelled who has travelled only in a Pullman car. The country is a sealed book, and the landscape is a blur to him who studies it only as he

whizzes along at the rate of thirty or more miles an hour, with his eyes full of smoke and cinders. The country will not be condensed by the lightning express. It refuses to be dissected into the small fragments available to carriage drives in city suburbs or picnic excursions from summer hotels and water-side camps. Only he who takes the country leisurely and measures it off by the day's drives, rides, or walks, knows how the country looks, how the country people live, what they work for, and whence come their revenues and their joys.

It is only when you start out for an overland journey on foot, by wagon, or on horseback, that you begin to realize the consolation and wisdom that are found in a guide-board. When the termini of the route are the only definite points, and the way from start to destination is all unknown, you realize how imbecile is the unaided judgment, how helpless the individual traveller, and how ignorant, in spite of your knowledge of Greek or French, in spite of your diplomas and degrees, you are when you find yourself in the morning forty miles away from the point where you hope to find your supper and a night's lodging. You further realize how uncertain are the directions

and how unreliable is the information offered by the very confident landlord or liveryman, who assures you that "it is a plain road all the way," that you "can't get off the track," and that if you will only remember the few plain directions concerning the way, to turn at certain bridges and school-houses, and the places where the roads fork, you will surely "get there all right."

If you are of a cautious nature, you will make careful note of these directions, and will, perhaps, draw a chart of the road before starting out. But you will find to your dismay that what was "perfectly plain" in the mind of the man who had been travelling that road from childhood, is very uncertain and confusing to the unsophisticated man who tries to pick it out for the first time. Your country is blocked into square miles by public highways. Over and over again, the "main-travelled road" that you are instructed to follow breaks up into many possibilities, all of them, apparently, equally travelled; and before you have been on the road two hours you halt, confused and helpless, looking painfully around for the man, woman, or child who will tell you whether you are to bear to the right or to the left, and, alas! there is never a man, woman,

or child within sight. Suddenly the road has dropped into a painful solitude. The crow looks down contemptuously upon you from his dead limb, and the jaybird mocks you from the thicket. O for a guide-board! Desperately you plunge ahead, trusting your boasted "instinct" and "geographical sense of directions." You perhaps remember complacently the assurance of the travelling phrenologist who told you when a boy that your bump of locality was large, and that you would never lose your way; and so you whistle along until suddenly you find that you have brought up at a cheese factory, where the road ends; or perhaps in some farmer's stack-yard, where, just for that place and time, the "main-travelled road" led. Or, perhaps, after three or four miles, when you are quite sure you are safe and have forgotten your anxiety, you encounter a boy ploughing corn, and you deign to ask him if you are on the right road to M——. Glad of any pretext to stop awhile and rest his horse, he begins by asking where you came from, and ends by telling you that "you are a good bit off the road"; you ought to have borne the other way three miles back, but you can get there all right yet if you

will only follow his directions, — directions which are noted down with more care this time, — and you start on chagrined, regretting that you have added three miles to your day's journey. You travel what you think "a good two miles," stop at a farm-house to get a drink, and incidentally ask the wife "how far it is to M——." According to her schedule of distances, it is a mile farther than it was two miles back with the boy that ploughed corn. You are perplexed anew. The woman gives you some more confusing directions, and assures you that the boy must have been wrong, for she went over the road only a few weeks before, when they marketed their wool. Probably the last time the boy went over it was when he took his girl to the Fourth of July celebration. There is always a large psychical element in distances. It is always farther from the breakfast table to the field than it is from the field to the dinner table.

You push on toward M——, and half the pleasures of the day are sacrificed to the nervous misgiving that you have forgotten or will forget the directions, if, indeed, you are not fretted by the more positive humiliation of knowing that you have already missed the road two or three

times. You are irritated to find "how foolish the country people are about roads," how vague is their sense of distance, and how incompetent they are to give clear directions. I speak feelingly on this matter because I speak out of a memory freighted with humiliating incidents of this kind. I speak as one who has succeeded dozens of times in losing his way on what was locally pronounced a "perfectly plain road." The good-natured flippancy of the German miller still annoys me, though ten or more years have passed since he assured me, "You can't make no mishtake; jhust keep right away straight ahead, and you get dere all right"; for within a mile of the place where this mealy miller told his cheerful untruth, we got on the wrong road just as easily as possible, making an unnecessary three or four miles of sandy pull for the team, over the road that is none too good at best, between Devil's Lake and the Dells. And I have not yet accumulated grace enough to forgive the farmer who, some eight years ago, gave me careful directions for reaching a ferry on the upper Wisconsin waters; for I found on my arrival that the ferry had been abandoned two years before, necessitating a détour of twelve miles on a hot summer

day, much of the time through wooded bottom lands, infested with mosquitoes to torture myself and Jess, the companion of blessed memory.

But to return to the day's experience. By the time you arrive at M——, you have a lively appreciation of the value of a guide-board, and you bless the supervisors of one or two of the half-dozen or more townships that you drove through, who had obeyed the law and had seen to it that guide-boards were erected. The law of Wisconsin provides that "guide-boards, bearing the names and distances of the principal towns to which the road leads, shall be maintained at all important cross-roads," and, furthermore, that "every town neglecting to obey this law shall be subject to a fine of five dollars per month for every such neglect, one-half the fine to be given to the person making the complaint, and one-half to go to the school fund."

If you learn of this law for the first time on your arrival at M——, you make a patriotic resolve that you will enter legal proceedings against every town through which you have driven that day; you solemnly resolve to make life a burden to every officer who wilfully neglects so sensible and so important a law, and you

wonder at the laxity of public officers, the low standard of public service, and the disloyal stupidity and submissiveness of the public.

You will perhaps further resolve, as I have done many times, that when you go back to your city home you will look up the history of guide-boards, that you will ransack the libraries and see how far back these statutes reach and in what subsoil of common law they rest; and if you start out on such a quest, as I have started, you will find yourself lost in a subject upon which the public library and the library of the Law Institute of Chicago throw but little direct light. It is a subject that promptly leads you into the large study of civilization and progress. The growth of highways runs parallel with the growth of nations. The ancient civilizations jumped from one river valley to another by the opening of a new road. "Make straight a highway in the wilderness," said the old prophet, meaning: Let us open a road for the traffic between the Euphrates and the Nile; let the communication be kept open over the Jordan.

Every road was once a path, and the course of the pioneer's path was indicated by blazing the trees with the woodman's axe. The Crusaders

erected rude crosses along the gorges and fording places through which they successively passed, in order that succeeding columns of the cross-bearing army might profit by the experience of the leaders and find their way to the land where their Saviour once lived, and perchance the spot where he was buried. The early monks reared their wayside shrines not simply as places of rest and spiritual refreshment, but as landmarks for the pilgrims whose hearts should be refreshed by the sight of these roadside resting-places, witnesses that they were on the right road, that the hospitable monastery or the great cathedral town was farther on, and that in due time they should find shelter and refreshment for body and soul.

In such crude beginnings, sacred practices, and religious traditions are our guide-boards planted. The problem of civilization may be said to be the problem of roads. "Good roads and prosperity" is the last cry of the political economist. To save the roads for the people, for all the people, to protect the people's right in their highways in the face of greed, monopoly, and private franchise, is the desperate municipal struggle today in all the cities of America.

The statutes of the state of New York, and

perhaps of other states, not only require guide-boards, but provide for the erection and maintenance of mile-stones, bearing the distances to terminal points along all the post-roads in the state. These modern mile-stones are the direct descendants of the god of Term, whose image, a human head capping a stone post, marked the boundaries of tribes, clans, and private estates. To tamper with these was impiety as well as a civic misdemeanor under the old Roman law. And the Pentateuch provides severest penalties for him who would move the landmarks and thus encroach upon the public domain or increase the dimensions of one's estate by fraudulently moving the line into the fields of a neighbor.

The guide-boards represent the common needs of the community; they still express the communal life of the state; they guard the interests and direct the action of the public, the whole public. Guide-boards represent the husbandry of the state, the administration of the commonwealth, the safety, comfort, and pleasure of all the children of the public.

If guide-boards, then, are of such direct practical value to the public, of such large economic significance and historic importance, why is the

law concerning them so shamefully neglected in all the states of the Union? Between Chicago and Tower Hill is a distance of about two hundred miles, as a horseman would like to go. I have traversed it afoot, on horseback, and on wheels, perhaps fifteen different times and by as many different roads, and I believe I have never found more than five or six townships, out of the thirty or forty crossed, making any pretence of carrying out the law concerning guide-boards. This wholesale disobedience of the law is not peculiar to the West. Benton Willis Potter, in his book entitled "Roads and Roadsides," one of the most interesting of recent books on this subject, tells us that, even in law-abiding Massachusetts, the law to establish guide-boards is practically a dead letter. The answer to the question why it is so is again full of psychological and sociological significance. Let us go in search of the answer.

The first obvious answer is that the "public" no longer travels by road, but by rail. Except from farm-house to farm-house, only tramps go on foot. Business has abandoned the wagon roads, and perhaps not more than one in a hundred thousand drives or rides through the country any

distance for pleasure, and that one risks his reputation for sanity. He is promptly suspected of being affiliated with the "crank" elements of society, whose interests the public need not consider. So, literally, the railroad time-card has supplanted the guide-board. Nobody in the country is sure of a road except to the nearest railway station. Beyond that, distances are hazy, and roads are very uncertain.

I am not one of those who decry the railroad. High as I hold the genius of John Ruskin, noble as was his humanity, sublime as were his sympathies, I break with him where he breaks with the railroads. I despise the financial intrigues, the commercial tricks, the ethical outrages of railroad corporations as I do other cruel tyrannies and commercial dishonesties, but I must take off my hat to the locomotive. Shame for the watered stock, but respect for the steel rail, and honor for him who perfected it.

But, for the present, the locomotive has its dangers, and the railroad menaces some noble things. Alas for the convenience that has brought neglect to the public highway and broken up the main-travelled roads! For in this breakdown there is a breakdown of civic

consciousness, of social interests, a surrendering of public property to private greed and gain.

Away back when the pioneers were preparing the way for the great life of the middle West, there was a military road running straight from Green Bay to Chicago. The trappers were good surveyors. The postmen, riding their Indian ponies, picked the more available ridges and located the fords. After them came the wagoner and the local pathmaster, and a drive from Chicago to Green Bay in the favorable season became an event in the life of any man. The pioneers also built a territorial road from Madison to Prairie du Chien. It kept the watershed all the way. For a hundred miles the traveller saw the raindrops that fell to his right starting on their journey to the Mississippi, which they would find at Prairie du Chien, and the drops that fell to his left starting to find the same mother river some thirty miles below at Galena, or farther down. The military road to Chicago is broken and neglected. The territorial highway of Wisconsin has been twisted and tortured to adapt it to town lines and farmer whims. And all this has carried with it a social degeneracy. It has severed the connecting nerves and brought about a conse-

quent indifference to far-off communities that is to be deplored.

Alas for the civilization that centers around the railway station, whose chief use is to ship the cattle and eggs of the farmer and supply him with his coffee and his blue jeans! There is danger that in the face of this added facility to travel there may be born a more stolid provincialism, more tyrannical because more complacent than that which was forced upon our forefathers by the grim circumstances of the backwoods. The old settler knew the road for sixty miles north or south. He could tell you of the saw-mills, grist-mills, and taverns along the way. The grandson, if he stays on the old place, confesses his ignorance of the road and the life thereon ten miles away in any other direction than that which leads to his market town. He has been off on the train; he knows Chicago, Milwaukee, and the capital of his state, perchance, but he knows little of and cares less for the farming in the next county and the farmers in the next valley.

On my last ride through Wisconsin, with the perversity of one who loves the unfamiliar and chooses the unbeaten path, I resolved to make Tower Hill without going to Madison, toward

which so many of the Wisconsin travel lines tend. Following the map and the compass, I could save a few miles and gain a new route by leaving the capital city seven or eight miles to the right, and, passing to the southward, find my night's lodging at the little village adjoining the county farm, from thence proceeding by way of the Blue Mounds. All the way along an economist would have been charmed to find the dense ignorance about the best road to the poorhouse, and the glib way in which child, woman, and man knew the way to Madison. Within ten miles of my objective point I found a grown-up man in the field who said he had lived there and thereabouts for twelve years, but had never been to Verona and had no idea of the way there, except that you must not take the road that branched to Madison. A few miles farther along I found a veritable son of Erin, who had lived there all his life, and who said: "Niver a bit do I care to know the way to the poorhouse. I'll let the other fellows find the way when they have to take me there." Verona stands at the foot of the Blue Mounds, the highest land in all that countryside, and the road thither leads through beautiful trees, across tangled waterways, and ever upward. But

waiving the ministries of Nature, admitting that there were no artistic or spiritual returns in that direction, yet alas for the citizen who never cares to know the workings of the poorhouse, or see the inside of it until he goes there to reside.

Let the economist plead for good roads and main thoroughfares on the dollar-and-cent side, and the arguments are so coherent and so potent that they are beginning to be heard. I plead for good roads, marked with clear guide-boards, on account of their spiritual values, that through them the boys and girls may come to an enlarged civic consciousness, that the human soul may better domesticate itself in the land of souls, that the interests of men may be wider than their possessions, and that there may be something beyond the cattle and the corn in the farm home, and, still more, something in the country beyond the lake with its yachting privileges, the river with its fishing chances, and the forest with its shooting opportunities for the weary or blasé dweller in the city.

There is no need of my making a spiritual application of this sermon of the guide-board. All along the analogies have pressed us. All along we have realized that, as it is with the ways

of earth so must it be with the ways of heaven. Spiritually, as physically, we are more dependent upon guide-boards than we realize. Progress in ethics, as in travel, consists in our ability to profit by the experiences of those who have gone before, in our readiness to trust the wisdom bequeathed us by those who have been over the road and left their marks behind. The difference between the educated and the ignorant is a matter of guide-boards; so the difference between the noble and the sinful is a matter of guide-boards and loyalty thereto. What are the ten commandments but so many finger-posts written along the way of life by those who have been over the road and tried it? The Golden Rule is but a wayside shrine leading to the cathedral of character, the high altar of saintship farther up the heights.

In that day's struggle to keep out of Madison and find the poorhouse, one of the most intelligent and altogether one of the most satisfactory informants I found was a little bare-legged girl washing the pans at a spring, and at the same time tending to two little children who seemed determined to fall into the spring. She knew I must pass through McFarland. "In order to do that you must keep straight ahead, must go

quite a long piece, and then you will come to the churches. And you must then go along a good piece straight ahead after that. You must not turn one way or the other, although I think there will be chances to go other ways. But keep right on until you get to a railroad. You'll see the iron rails. Then you will have to turn and go a little ways that way, and then you will be at the hotel." Indefinite as to distance, inadequate in description, it proved quite sufficient, and it landed me and the horse at a good dinner place.

How well would it be for many a wayfarer in life if some slip of a guide, half mortal, half immortal, could but speak to him in such a way that he would heed the words to "keep right on, a long way, right on." And then, even when he comes to the churches, he must go straight ahead, as I did, leaving one sect on one side of the road, another sect on the other, each with its parcel of ground in which to bury their dead, as if they were fearful of sectarian contamination in their coffins. There was the width of a good highway between the Presbyterian bones and the Methodist bones, belonging to spirits that probably will be surprised if, when they get to heaven, they find no partition lines and no way of keeping the

heresy out and "our creed" followers in. Yes, even "when you get to the churches," the little guide said, "go right on, straight ahead." You will probably realize, as she said, that "there will be chances to go the one side or the other." I found it so that day, and you and I find it so every day of our lives, but we must "go right ahead," until at last we come to the "iron road." Then it is the part of wisdom and prudence to accept the grim limit, to bend a little, take a turn, and thereby find the place of refreshment.

How much time would be saved if we would only heed the guide-board, and what great unkindness on the part of those who know and upon whom responsibility rests, to neglect the guide-board. How many a fallen guide-board have I seen along the road. Once I remember that the post and board had been irreverently used by the farmer to block a hole in the fence where the pigs had gone through, and, curiously enough, the finger of the guide-board had missed the direction by ninety degrees and was pointing at right angles to the right way. Alas for him who would heed the instruction of that guide-board! Is there not something like this often in the lives of men and women? Are not some of us guilty

of tampering with the guide-boards of history and shifting the finger-points of morals? Here is the man who started for the citadel of Virtue, but turned at right angles, in order to make the city of Prosperity. How misleading is the index finger which such a man leaves behind, how confusing to the young man who comes after, — it may be his own son. He has turned to the right or to the left before he found the "iron road" which alone marked the proper point of declension.

"Great men are the guide-boards in the state," said Edmund Burke. Young men and women, have an eye out for these guide-boards. Look for the foot-marks of Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner in American politics, and walk that way. See the clear eye and benignant face of the pure woman; it points the road upon which you are to travel. See the blear eye and blue nose of yonder man. It is a guide-board that points the way to dissipation, degradation, and death.

I have spoken of the commercializing tendency indicated by the decay of country guide-boards. One other analogy forces itself upon me. In the Middle Ages, the guide-boards bore crosses pointing to the spiritual centers, where priests and

bishops dwelt. In the days of our pioneer forefathers, the guide-boards told the miles to the places of physical refreshment. "Ten miles to the Farmers' Home," "Six miles to the Travellers' Inn." Our roads and hotels often retain the suggestion of these hostelries, as "The Cottage Grove Tavern," "The Maple House," and "The Elm Grove Inn." But now, as the traveller approaches the commercial centers, he begins to find mile-posts fifteen or eighteen miles out, and something like this runs the legend he reads: "Twelve miles to the Happy Home Clothing House, on Water Street," "Eleven miles to the Happy Home Clothing House, on Water Street," "Ten miles," and so on down, the numbers decreasing with increasing interest. But when you get there, what do you care for the "Happy Home Clothing House"? Once last summer I was lured for twelve miles by the finger-posts that pointed me to the "Always Square Drug Store" in a certain town. What did I who had no use for drugs in practice, and not much in theory, want to do with a drug house?

As it is in the country, so it is often in the city. In Chicago you may find your location by help

of the "Hub Clothing House" signs on the street corners, and now I see there is a rival sign in the interest of some new kind of bread. Perhaps this is well. But when we come around on the upper spiral of life to the spiritual appreciation of things again, may we not have another series of guide-boards that beckon us to the places of intellectual refreshment, of spiritual renewal? Our streets are lined with noisy guide-boards, pointing to places of trade or of carousal and dissipation, but he who seeks the Public Library, the Art Institute, or the house of prayer and worship, must grope his way without sign or guide, and often misses it.

I look for the time when our guide-boards throughout the country shall point the finger toward the "Town Reading Room," the "County Library," the "County Park," or the "Art Gallery," of the congressional district; and when our bill-boards in the city, or the redeemed and transfigured successors of the present monstrosities, shall suggest not commercial enterprise or individual greed, but point to public interest, and lead the way to the centers of life; when our street corners shall tell the way to the centers of love and intelligence, the citadels of reason and

of study, the places of worship and the homes of sympathy. Toward this ideal let us work. It is the task of religion to create such centers that the very guide-boards of the suburbs and the signs on the street corners shall tell the distance and point the way to the centers not only of physical but of intellectual and spiritual hospitality.

EVERLASTING LOVE

Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay; but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

—Walt Whitman.

THE EVERLASTING LOVE

I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee. — JEREMIAH xxxi. 3.

THE grand old Jeremiah has been too much identified with a gloomy spirit. He stands in the rhetoric of the world as the representative of those who see things in the shadow; indeed his name has been converted into a term that represents a literary wail, an oratorical grumble, for when we come upon a discouraging speech or a tale of despair we call it a "Jeremiad."

There is no use in denying the fact that things did go hard with Jeremiah. His lot was cast in the most turbulent and depressing period of Jewish history — the period immediately preceding and reaching into the Babylonian captivity. He is supposed to have been left behind in Jerusalem by the imperious conqueror from Babylon, perhaps because he was considered one of the common people, who, having no influence or power, could do no mischief to the conquerors; or perhaps he was a social

agitator who might prove an unwelcome malcontent in the colony. This humble son of a priest tried hard to rally the fragment left at Jerusalem and persuade them to stand by the smouldering embers of a sacked city. But, failing in this, when the faint-hearted took themselves as far away from the power of Babylon as possible, moving west and south to form a colony on the borders of Egypt, he seems to have gone with them, although "the ashes of Jerusalem were dearer to him than the splendors of a victor's court."

Through a long life filled with national disaster and, doubtless, with personal opposition and disappointment, he declared the counsels of the Almighty, as he understood them, and tried to rally his people around the standards of religion. In spite of all this darkness, his was an inflexible faith in the constitution of things, a trust in the ultimate triumph of righteousness, and the adequacy of Jehovah, the Lord of love. It was under such circumstances, and to people thus circumstanced, that in the name of Jehovah he declared, "I have wounded them with the wound of an enemy, with the chastisement of a cruel one for the greatness of thine iniquity and because

thy sins were increased." But with swift-following reassurance he declares: "I will restore health unto thee. I will heal thee of thy wounds. I will turn again the captivity of Jacob's tents, and have compassion on his dwelling places, and the city shall be builded upon her own heap." Splendid and daring is the climax of our text.

"Yahveh appeared to me from afar, (saying),
With an everlasting love do I love thee,
Therefore have I kept mercy for thee.
Again will I build thee, and thou shalt be built, O virgin of Israel!
Again shalt thou adorn thy tabrets,
And go forth in the dance of them that make merry.
Thou shalt yet plant vines upon the mountains of Samaria;
The planters shall plant, and eat the fruit.
For the day is coming when the watchmen shall cry upon Mount Ephraim,
Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion,
To Yahveh, our God."

Was this faith a miraculous gift, resting in and revealing the destiny of a special people chosen in an exceptional way for an exceptional task? If so, there seems in it little encouragement for us, for we of this age are not miracle-led, we have no claims to special providences, and dare not look for divine interference in times of great emergencies or ethical crises.

I am forced to believe that Jeremiah was law-environed as we are, that the high truth came to him through the grinding process of thought, that his profound foresight was born out of a benignant insight into the laws of the universe, which are as inexorable in affairs of spirit as they are inevitable in the conditions of matter. Let us try to catch glimpses of this law of Everlasting Love at its work, and discover, if we can, a few verifications of it in our own experience.

On the night of the third of March, 1898, I left Chicago wrapped in a snowstorm. The wind whistled ominously in my ears, predicting a continuation of the frigid reign that had already become not only monotonous but threatening to health and strength. I slept at length, and when I awoke it was in sunlight, on the vanishing edges of snow-land. By noon I was looking out upon ploughmen and garden makers, and before night I came upon the ever-deepening and narrowing valleys of East Tennessee, which I found touched with budding leaves, tinted with the delicate green of the newly awakening spring. The sloping hill-sides were starred with flowers, and ever and anon spotted with blooming bushes.

My railroad flight did but compress into

twenty-four hours the experience which would have occupied twenty-four days had I remained in Chicago. The tediousness of the March month, when condensed into a day, became delightful and inspiring. In our most pessimistic moods, in the depths of utter discouragement, we may at any time lay hold of the first term in this equation of love, and say with Emerson, "Nature is upright, however man may be fallen." The seasons keep faith with us. Surely, "seed-time and harvest will not fail." The land of the midnight sun has its mead of sunshine, and tropic desert receives its quota of refreshing breeze. Cold is as redemptive as heat. However it may be with human history, no one can question the deliberate testimony of science, the careful demonstration of the statistician, that Nature has moved steadily forward, and that she has always favored the climbing form and the rising life, that through the survival of the strongest, life has been slowly ripening into a survival of the noblest. There is a struggle in Nature that covers rocks with soil, and converts quartz and shale into grass and trees. The lowest worm toils up the mystic spiral of life toward the upright form, the human body; and history

proves that this upward climb, this "everlasting love," draws human life with loving kindness in abounding mercy.

The second day away from snow-clad Chicago I was driving along the government avenues of Chickamauga Park, where upward of six thousand acres, with its sixty miles of boulevard, is owned and guarded by the national government, and the whole vast area is studded with the mute granite markers and impressive monuments in bronze, iron, and stone, showing where, scarcely thirty-six years ago, swept one of the most terrible battle-storms known in history. On Snodgrass Hill, where the brave Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," took his memorable stand, and death was courted by both sides with more ardor than the groom seeks his bride, sheep were grazing amid the cannon, little lambs were frolicking upon the green, birds were singing everywhere, and over all rested a Sunday calm. The whole scene was hallowed with a spiritual background of peace. At that very time, far away on the shores of the Pacific, the hero of Chickamauga, the valiant Rosecrans, was breathing his last, soothed by the love of a nation and strengthened with the thought that foemen were now friends,

that the colors of contending flags had blended, and that now one flag is adequate to the needs of all. Figures vary, but perhaps thirty thousand lives were lost in that holocaust of violence, and yet the Everlasting Love shines through bitterness, and has overruled all the violence of those terrible days.

From Chickamauga I passed rapidly along the old battle lines and camping grounds where I, a beardless boy, was initiated by ways I knew not of, into the mysteries declared by Jeremiah, the Everlasting Love that draws with unfailing mercy. Even then, more than general or private could understand, the undertow was love, and the upper currents were mercy. Even the storm-cloud was big with that Everlasting Love that faintly but surely manifested itself in and through the heart of man. Old Lookout Mountain smiles to-day in the harmonies that were beaten out above the cloud by the forces of Hooker and Bragg. Suburban villas now stand where once the grim batteries cut the horizon lines on Mission Ridge.

At Huntsville I received cordial welcome in homes that were closed with ominous dread against us then. But a citizen told me how, even then, he and his brother, two little rebel

boys, found joyous companionship in the "shebang" of "Billy," a little Yankee soldier sixteen years of age, and how in return Billy had found hospitable welcome at the rebel fireside. At three o'clock one dark morning there came a knock at the door, and in response to the "Who is there?" the reply came, "It's Billy, Mrs. Clay. I came to ask you if you will let me kiss the baby. The long roll is sounding, and our regiment is moving out." Baby Jenny, wrapped in a blanket, was carried to the door, and Billy kissed her in the ominous dark of that hour before the dawn in which it is hardest to be brave, and marched away, nevermore to be heard from. The gentle Southern mother had just passed on, a few days before my visit, but Jenny was alive to welcome me to the home in which Billy still bides as a sweet tradition, overcoming and ameliorating sectional prejudices and war's cruelties.

But let me not mar my theme with transient personalities. There is a power, not man's, that deserves Jeremiah's great phrase, "the Everlasting Love." Before this power, and by virtue of it, claws have given way to fingers, horns have been modified into temple domes of thought,

kindly words and genial smiles have not only overcome clenched fists, but they have acquired a greater defensive power than iron ships, concealed batteries, or sunken torpedoes. On the bas-reliefs of Assyria we see human victims impaled, and prisoners of war flayed alive by their captors. In the great bronze statue on the Capitoline Hill at Rome, representing a period perhaps two thousand years later, we see the gentle pagan, Marcus Aurelius, extending his merciful arm over his captives, defending them from the violence of his own legions.

The primitive Sandwich Islander had but one word for "mother," "grandmother," "sister," and "aunt," yet even there was the beginning of the home where love has formulated the family. From the rude mother of the savage to the Madonna of the fireside is a great stretch, but there is no break; there is only the difference that exists between the mosses on the face of the ragged rock and the pine, beech, and oak in the forest. There is nowhere a line. Man cannot be severed from the universe to which he belongs. The heart of Jesus is the heart of humanity, and humanity entire has sprung out of the eternal heart that built the fires of the sun and set the

planets a-swinging. The universe has given out of its own life this thirst of man for perfection. The mother's pity is in league with the unfolding seasons and the wandering comets. The love that makes for the redemption of man is divine love, whether we phrase it in the language of philosophy, of science, or of religion; whether we study it in the light of the facts of biology or the experiences of humanity. The same artist that wooed the edelweiss into being at the foot of the Alpine glacier and touched its tiny petals with delicacy, that caused the clumsy cacti of the western desert to bloom into surpassing beauty, and painted the plumage of the bird of paradise in the jungles of Africa, causes the tears to fall from father's eyes on the cold brow of his dead babe, paints the flush of modesty on the maiden's cheek, and deepens that flush into radiant power on the mother's face.

If we cannot be persuaded in any other way of the universality of this love and the redemptive purpose at the heart of Nature, ever working and never failing, let us close for the time being our Bibles, lock our churches, and throw the keys away, forget our forms and formulas, deny all our creeds, and sit at the feet of science while it teaches

us in no uncertain accents that there is now and has always been a force at work to lift life into ever more perfect forms, and into experience ever more ecstatic. This force is at work redeeming souls from the burden of ignorance, guiding them from the pitfalls of hatred, pleading with them to leave the loathsome sins of selfishness behind.

The history which we in our irreverence sometimes call "secular," or even "profane," is evidence of a power that has ever been working upon human souls, compelling them to seek the true, the beautiful, and the good; for truth, beauty, and duty are not three, but one, and that one is the Love that man did not create, but by which he was and is created.

When we come to understand the full meaning of this unrevealed revelation, we shall be glad to confess without help of priest or bishop that this august power, this eternal love that causes matter and spirit to bud and bloom, deserves the holiest words that human lips can utter. Ay, we will try to lisp the unpronounceable name, we will call this power the Father and Mother of our souls, we will call it God, we will call it Love, and we shall be haunted only by the hesitation

which springs from the knowledge that every pronunciation is inadequate, that all syllables fail, that finiteness may not express infinitude. Our highest conceptions of personality, volition, potency, love, are inadequate, they are but fragments of the immeasurable. If ours is personality, then he is more and not less than personality. If ours is will, then he is something other and higher, and we cannot name it. The highest powers of the human soul, the furthest reaches of the human mind, the most sacred affections of the human heart, are but man-made plats of the celestial kingdom. They are but as the cathedral which the child builds with his toy blocks is to the rock-ribbed mountain.

Comte enunciated what is called "the positivist's creed." He formulated what he called "the religion of humanity," which dared assert, "The highest reality in the universe is the soul of man." To this sanctity alone he would bend the knee. The old astrology of far-off ages, that recognized in the stars the history, fate, and providence of the individual soul, was nearer right. In some high and subtle fashion the Pleiades have had a greater influence upon our lives than Rameses or Lao-Tse. The shining glory of the Pleiades is

on its way to the greater glory in the thinker's mind. The fervency of the sun is travelling toward the glow in the mother's heart.

"O toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan:
The flower-horizons open,
The blossom vaster shows,
We hear thy wide world's echo, —
'See how the lily grows.'

"Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding, thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought:
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!"

The stalwart humanitarianism of Browning led him in his youth to say in his preface to "Sordello": "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul. Little else is worth study. I, at least, have always thought so." But this is a shallow saying. His martial line needs to be set into the serene peace of Emerson, who found at least the roots of his gospel deeply

planted in the snowstorm, the rhodora, and the valorous titmouse.

> "Kings unborn shall walk with me;
> And the poor grass shall plot and plan
> What it will do when it is man.
> Quickened so, will I unlock
> Every crypt of every rock."

But love is a thing of demonstration, not of argument. It is useless to promulgate the eternal love as a doctrine unless it can be realized as a living potency. We must go not in search of it afar, but we must look below and within. We must throw ourselves into the embrace of the eternal right, that which dooms to death the evil and the imperfect. If we would know this love we must begin by loving a little ourselves, by realizing that we are not here for ourselves, but for the whole. We must see to it that the world is somewhere enriched by our struggle, that gladness abounds somewhere through our pain. As we succeed in this, we shall realize with Frances Power Cobbe that "God is something more than the great policeman of the world, exacting his laws." Indeed "laws" themselves become tender. Pain throws

off its disguise, and appears in its proper person as a blessing. Our very wounds are cauterized that they may the better heal. Our agonies are the antiseptics of the spirit.

> "I cry my cry in silence and have done.
> None knows it, and my tears have brought me good,"

said the little waiting-maid who became priest and mother confessor to the guilty Guinevere in the nunnery. When we realize what strength has come to the soul through the flood-gates of tears, what persuasion there is in the punishments of life, what nourishment there is in the bitter-sweet food of the spirit, we shall have made a beginning in the discovery of the Everlasting Love. It is the power that, quoting Tennyson again, "vexes and plagues the soul to help it from the death that cannot die."

It is not for us to concern ourselves with the "why" but with the "how" of it. Life, like the river, is deepened by dredging. God's forgiveness is not revealed by relieving us from consequences, but by blessing us with consequences, dire though they may be. He crowns our spirits with the cypress wreaths of defeat.

He reveals his presence in his penalties. What we call hurts are his helps. Through them comes the "plenteous redemption." He who would fain be released from the consequences of his acts, who would wash away all battle traces by blood or by water, prays for stolidity, for stagnation, for death. Let us pray evermore to the God who is beyond the reach of such profane supplications. While there are tears left, while there are yearnings unsuppressed and unrealized, there is evidence of a divine love that has not forsaken the human soul. So long as there is a beseeching hand reaching upward through heaviest shame, striving to touch the book of the recording angel with the supplicating tips of outstretched fingers, as in Vedder's picture, there is evidence that there is a redeeming love at work, freeing the soul from its encumbrances.

Our theologies talk of "lost souls," our sociologies of "submerged classes" and "hopeless sections." All this belongs to the crude ignorance of the past; it is bad theology and poorer sociology. When our botanists and our zoologists are making havoc with old classifications and bringing the old-time "species," "genera,"

and "families" into scientific contempt, why should preacher and reformer still darken counsel with the unscientific and meaningless talk about "criminal classes," "pauper classes," "laboring classes," "favored classes," "upper classes," or "wealthy classes"? All this is gibberish to the tutored mind. It is impious to the devout heart. It is infidelity to the believing soul. Do you think God has abandoned the sorrowing soul because you have? Has he forgotten the sobbing spirit because your own heart is too dry and dull to detect the sobs? Will he call that soul hopeless that still loves the good name it tramples upon, honors the virtue it soils, gnaws like an infuriated animal at the chains that bind it? whose lips, in dreams, are wreathed with the innocent smiles of childhood, and whose hardened face, in death, reveals lines of patience, suffering, and tenderness? To call such a soul "lost" only reveals one's own wanderings. God has not lost his child. Beyond the realms of the human, below beast and below flower, you must find the place where atom refuses to cling to atom, and where the molecules deny the law of their crystallization, ere you find the spot where redeeming love is not present

with its quickening push and the inspiring impulse that carries the "what-is" toward a better "what-may-be." Oxygen and hydrogen are the primary lovers. Theirs is a case of "love at first sight," and the loyalty that clings "until death do us part."

Even with a short creed that ends within the walls of one's own experience, we find redeeming love enough to soothe and save humanity. If there be the possibility of love nowhere else, if there be no potency of love except in your own bosom, still while there is that in you which would wipe tears from the penitent's eyes, though all the rest of the universe be deaf to her cries — so long as you yourself would say to the veriest Magdalen what the royal King Arthur said to his prostrate queen: —

> "Thy sin is sinned and I forgive thee.
> I will have no mockery for tears or for sin,
> For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
> No knight of Arthur's noblest deals in scorn," —

even thus have you reëstablished Love upon the throne of the universe, unless you parry the argument with a mountainous egotism, unless you claim that you are better than all your kind.

And nothing but the boldest egotism dares assert that mankind is the largest and highest thing in this infinite universe. Whence comes this love of the human heart? Did you elect the color of your eyes? Did the mother through her volition spin the curly locks of her child? From the sun came the fragrance and color of the rose. Whence came the holy helpfulness of the human heart, the heavenly bloom of kindliness on the cheek, the tones of tenderness in the voice?

> "Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
> Severing rightly his from thine,
> Which is human, which divine."

Who dares arrogate this love and pity to his own heart alone, or even to the heart of humanity alone? Can the stream rise higher than its source? Were the infinite fountains exhausted, even upon Calvary? Rather dare we believe that there are sea depths that have never been fathomed, and such floods of sympathy gathering as have never yet flowed through human history. How dare we claim that love as ours which came without our bidding, which goes without our directing, which blesses and is being blessed beyond our knowing and our planning?

The electric light comes not from the fixture but from the illuminating force that pours itself through the fixture, from the subtle potency generated afar that thrills along the wire. So the flame that burns in your eye and warms your heart is fed out of retorts exhaustless and infinite, generated by dynamos remote and mysterious. Again to these the heart gladly gives the biggest words and the holiest phrases. We draw upon the universal ritual and say "Father," "God," and still we long for better and bigger words.

I abide by the logic of my illustration. If you insist, we will for argument's sake admit that light is not possible without the fixture, that electricity will not travel without the wire. But this power is none the less superhuman and extra-human because it must needs pass through human conduits. It is none the less infinite because for a little way its path is traceable and intelligible to our finite understandings. Whether unnamed or accounted for, the redeeming power falls all the same upon the wayward boy through the unconscious benediction of a mother's anxiety. It warms the solitary man with a woman's kiss, restores the fainting life with a manly embrace. All the way from the plant in the prison yard, in

the pathetic and profound French story of "Picciola," up to Socrates with his cup of hemlock, to Buddha who renounced the throne that he might take the hand of the outcast, or to Jesus dining with sinners and anon dying for them on the cross, we find the same manifestation of the same Everlasting Love, refining, redeeming, the soul of man. "Gone are they, but I have them in my soul," said Pippa, the little silk weaver, of the moonlit summer nights.

"For God we're good enough, though the world casts us out," said Mildred in Browning's drama of "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon." Men see the "troubled surface" of a crime, but beneath, God sees "a depth of purity immovable." If in our blindness we find God, heaven, law, and love in the human heart alone, if in our egotism we find them in no heart but our own, still we have found that which is "the desire of all nations," "the fulfilling of all law." We have found that, too, for which we pray, toward which we aspire, for which we strive.

> "To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
> All pray in their distress;
> And to these virtues of delight
> Return their thankfulness.

"For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, His child and care.

"For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

"Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine;
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

"And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too."

William Blake, the poet who sang thus, has been deemed insane by some, but his was "the insanity of noble minds," the insanity that calls upon us all to demean ourselves in Godlike fashion, for there is a God enthroned within, even if we can find him nowhere else. It calls upon us to save souls by the power of our redemptive sympathies.

"Her sins were forgiven because she loved much," said Jesus of the woman who bathed his feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair.

The loving soul, however immeshed, is the saved and saving soul. Not any spotless record to which we may point with pride, but the fervor with which we lay hold of the realities of life, the affections we reciprocate, the clasp of hand and the clasp of heart, these determine the measure of our redemption, the hold we have upon the Everlasting Love.

I have not been talking of a love about which there may be theological disputations. I mean no exceptional ecstasy. I mean the common, homely love of the human heart, the emotion that stains the quivering cheeks of common men and women; this is what Jesus found in the woman. This, I believe, is what went forth in great waves from the heart of the rustic Galilean, the rabbi without a robe, the great unfrocked bishop of souls. This was the healing wisdom in his words, the consoling tenderness in his voice. He saved souls then and saves them now by a law as universal as that which enables the sun to woo the roses into bloom and awaken the birds into song. He lifts the sinner out of his mistakes and bears him beyond the blots and stains of his wrong-doing by the same power that smoothes war's embattlements, beats swords into

ploughshares, and converts battle-fields into winsome parks where invalids find renewed health and children gambol in innocent sport. This everlasting love is the redeeming power in the world, and its presence is the sure evidence of redemption. Better a loving Magdalen than a spotless Pharisee, freezing the world with his selfishness. The publican beating his breast as he exclaimed, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," rather than the confident churchman who said, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," was justified.

In the story of the springtime, in the parable of the battle-field, we come upon the paradox of Jesus, we may discover the secret of his cross and his crown. I have no quarrel with the Christian centuries for deifying that loving heart, for clothing that gentle brow with Godlike dignity. But I do regret the terms of his deification. He was divine in his splendid humanity. He was the son of God because he was the son of man, born out of the loins of Joseph and Mary. Royal indeed was his lineage, not because he was descended from the kings of Israel, but from the elder kings of life. Praise be to the Catholic church for giving belated dignity to the mother heart of

peasant Mary, but shame to the Catholic church if, in this single coronation, the diadem is kept from the head of any woman who has given loving breast to babe born out of pure love.

Thus, O soul, if you cannot find God anywhere else, find him on Calvary. And if the cross of the persecuted lifts him out of reach, find him in the bruised mass that sobs at the foot of the cross, the bleeding heart of Mary; and if she be too far away, still you may find him in the love that cradled you in your infancy, the arms that now encircle you with consoling and restoring love, in the child that trustingly clings to your knee, ay, in the dog that teaches you the lesson of fidelity and submission, as did Bran to Raphael-Ben-Ezra in Kingsley's story of "Hypatia." For once the wild young man of the Middle Ages was sane. Yes, "Get the dog's lesson by heart first." Plant your awe and trust down on the lower levels of life, and you will the more surely rise to the divinity in man and beyond.

"In thy face have I seen the Eternal," said the dying Bunsen to his wife. And he was right; for surely the Everlasting Love is the heart within the heart, the ear behind the ear, the

beauty that enfolds the beautiful, the love that envelops the loving. Wherever we touch love, whether it be in baby's smile, lover's kiss, or mother's care, we touch the love that loves us with an Everlasting Love. And wherever we give love, if it be expressed only by means of a cup of water to a parched plant, a kindly pat on the head of a friendless cur, loving study to knotty problems, bold inquiry of dark mysteries, high loyalty to native land or chosen country, or even by offering baby lips for the lonely soldier to kiss, it is an offering of the Everlasting Love, it is a prayer to the Almighty that, like all true prayers, is self-answering.

"How dare you, with your reverence for law and interest in science, pray at all?" one asked of me. "I dare do nothing else," I replied; "for love is the petitioning arm that reaches up by word, by song, by act; it is the prayer thrown out by plant, by beast, by man, to the great Oversoul. We must woo the sunlight that seeks us. I dare not refuse to seek the light I may not miss."

When the guilty queen fled from King Arthur's presence she dared not lift her soul to God, as Tennyson interprets her, but she could ease her

heart by confession to the peaceful sisterhood of Amesbury; after that her queenly soul rose and said, "I must not scorn myself, for the king loves me." This is the final consolation and the ultimate inspiration of Jeremiah's text. The King of the universe loves each and all. The power of the universe claims every soul, and so long as there is a sunlit heart in the universe to lend itself to that redeeming pulsation, so long as there is a flower left to woo the sun, a bird left to sing away its selfishness, so long as there is a shivering child left to feed, a beaten horse to protect, a neglected dog to touch a vagabond's heart, so long will there be evidence of the Everlasting Love in the heart.

A "lost soul"? Not until the universe falls into chaos again. "Too late for repentance?" No; not so long as there lives a solitary heart willing to lend itself to the Godlike mission of helpfulness, not while there remains a blade of grass to testify to the supremacy of law and the omnipresence of order, not until the stars fall into confusion. This Everlasting Love will continue, not only until "the battle flags are furled in the parliament of man, the federation of the world," but until the wayward heart of humanity is purged

of its selfishness; until the combinations of kindliness put down the combinations of greed, and the monopolies of good-will override the monopolies of hate; until all the bramble fields are converted into orchards, the brutal realm of Nature domesticated, the lion and the tiger destroyed or transformed into friends and companions of man.

In the midst of all this dissonance of war and wild demand for "rights" and "honor," let it not be forgotten that the greatest captain of our civilization to-day is the ununiformed head of the legions of the Red Cross, the Order of Mercy. Clara Barton commands and will continue to command, however the armed forces of the world may be mobilized, a larger army than any of the laced and spurred generals of Europe and America, and her army is the army of peace, her banner is the banner of helpfulness. Its countersign is love, and with this countersign her messengers cross and recross the lines of contending armies with their consolations to the dying, their help to the wounded. Surely Drummond was right, "Love is the greatest thing in the world," and it is in the world to stay. It is here as no supernatural addition, no miraculous interjection, but it is here as the most worldly of all worldly

things. Blessed evermore be the worldliness of love. In this community he alone is foreigner who hates. He alone is expatriated who is selfish. If there be another world, the mean men belong to it. The good certainly belong to this. Upon them no other world can lay claim, because they are held in the unbroken, unbreakable clasp of the Everlasting Love. They are safely folded in the eternal arms from whose divine embrace no death nor life, no devil of evil or angel of light, no fear of hell or hope of heaven can ever separate them.

Passage, immediate passage! the blood burns in my veins!
Away, O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!
Cut the hawsers — haul out — shake out every sail!
Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?
Have we not grovell'd here long enough eating and drinking like mere brutes?
Have we not darken'd and dazed ourselves with books long enough?

Sail forth — steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther, farther sail!

—Walt Whitman.

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